BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1942

DAY RUSSELL
MONICA EWER

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

The Night Convoy by Rowland Hilder.

The ever-turning wheel...

Wheels within, and wheels without. . . . Within, the imprisoned wheels of industry; without, the rolling wheels of the highway. . . .

The wheels of the highway are like a shuttle, bringing to the creative wheels of the factory the elements they need, scattering their creations across the world. From the movement of the wheels—great and small—within and without—springs the power that drives Industry.

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**The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 24, No. 5 MAY, 1942

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

SAVOURY SUPPERS

At the end of a tiring day you need a meal that is reviving, nourishing, and doesn't take a lot of preparation. For these reasons it is a sound idea always to start with a good soup — summer or winter — varying your soup according to the foods in season. You can make enough for two or three days at a time. Other recipes given here also can be prepared, or partly prepared, in advance.

Vegetable Soup. Fry 2 ozs. of rolled oats or oatmeal in 1 oz. dripping or margarine. Blend with a little of 2 pints of water, then add the rest of the water and bring to boil. Add 3 potatoes, 4 carrots, ½ small swede, 1 leek if you have it, sliced or cut into cubes. Cook for 1 hour. Just before serving add pepper and salt and some chopped parsley. The quantities given are sufficient for four helpings.

Pilchard Layer Loaf. This is something new and very nice. For 4 to 6 people you will need 1 *small national wheatmeal loaf, one 5 oz. tin pilchards (4 points), ¾ pint thick white sauce, 1 teaspoonful mustard, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, salt and pepper.* Cut off the crusts (using them later for toast or rusks) and slice the loaf lengthwise into four. Spread each slice with pilchards mashed with a little sauce and seasoning. If the pilchards are not packed in tomato sauce you may care to add a little piquant sauce to this mixture. Dip the layers in water to moisten; then place one on top of the other to re-form a loaf. All this can be done in advance. When required, place the pilchard loaf in a fireproof dish and pour over it the sauce, mixed with the mustard, vinegar and seasoning. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes. Serve with a green vegetable.

Salad Suggestions. Well shredded spinach, heart of cabbage, leaves of spring greens, make a delicious salad base. And you've no idea until you try them how tasty young dandelion leaves can be. Choose young leaves, wash, chop finely, and mix with any raw shredded root vegetables. A little sugar is a help in this kind of salad. Later on, you can use carrot tops, turnip tops, radish tops, and beetroot tops. The addition of any scraps of cold or "points" meats, corned beef, or fish, make your salads still more substantial, nourishing and varied.

Corned Beef Rissoles. *4 oz. corned beef, 4 oz. wheatmeal breadcrumbs, ½ lb. mashed potatoes, ½ lb. cooked mixed vegetables, 4 tablespoonfuls brown sauce or vegetable water, seasoning; pinch mixed herbs.* Flake the corned beef and mix with the mashed cooked vegetables and breadcrumbs. Season and add the mixed herbs. Bind the mixture with sauce or vegetable water and bake in a quick oven. Serve with potatoes, gravy, and greens.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF **FOOD**

(S.34)

Liberty relieved the warden

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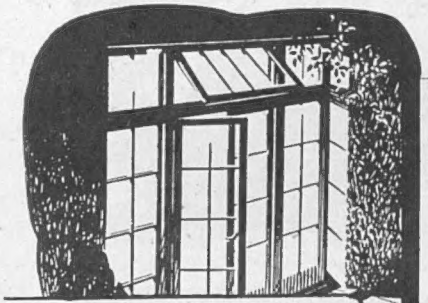

When the lights go up again

So many housewives have discovered the value of "Rufflette" pocket tape for curtains that it is impossible to keep pace with the demand. The skill of the weaver is now needed for sterner tasks, and not until these tasks have been accomplished will there be adequate stocks. Meantime limited supplies are still available for your new black-out curtains; so why not have them workroom made and finished with "Rufflette" tape?

Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.

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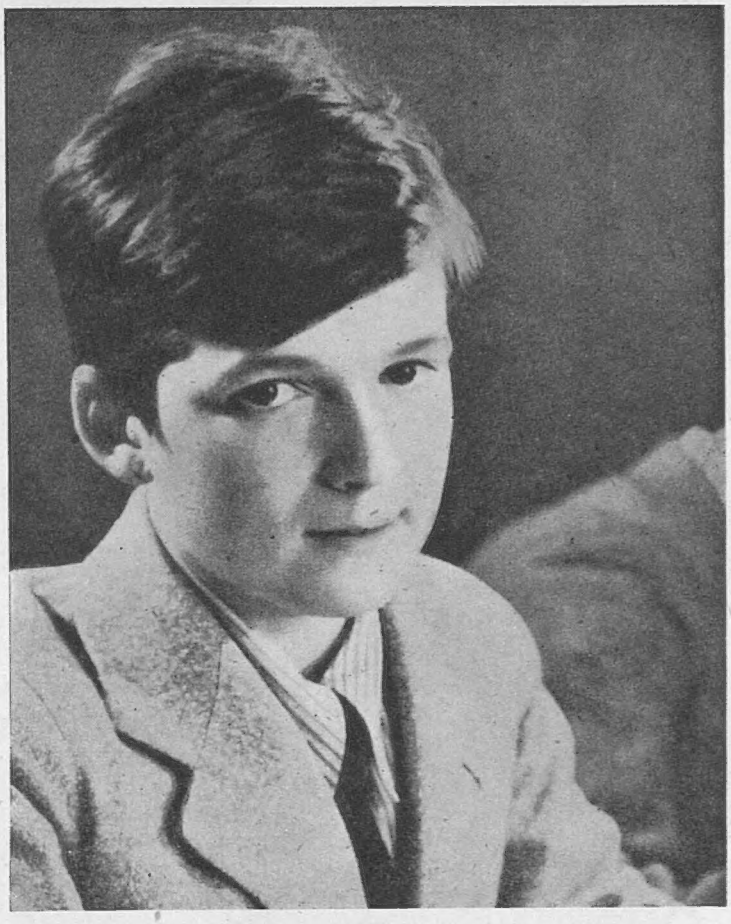

Going to smash his dreams, Dad?

He goes a bit dreamy sometimes, doesn't he? But the boy's clever enough; you reckon there's something behind those dreams — he'll get on all right. And you're quite ready to scrimp and save to see him through.

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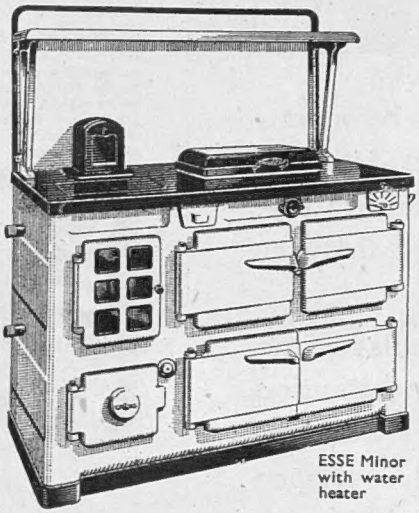

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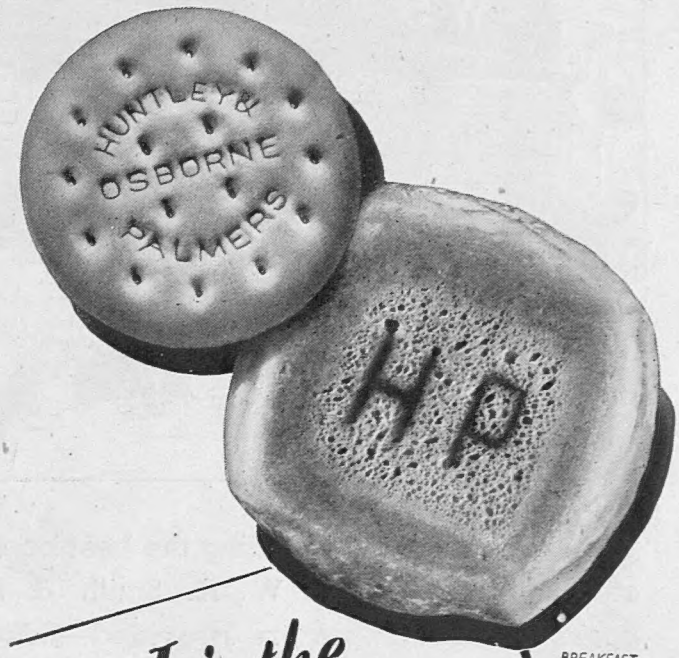

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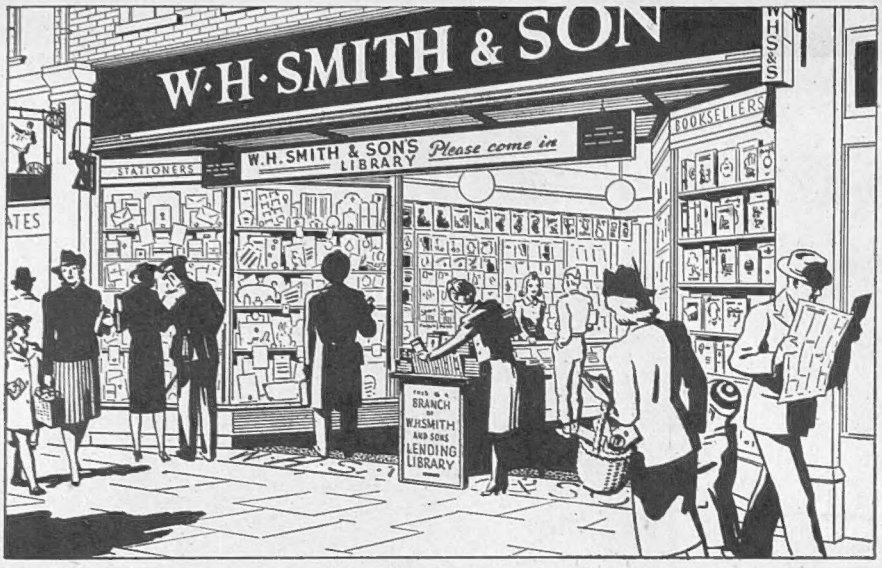

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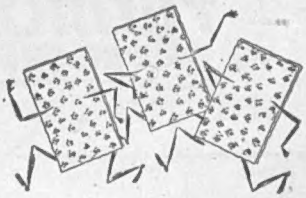
J374

Don't be surprised



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Being gay was her only outlook, her only way of forgetting, she who had so much to forget

A Nice Bit of Ardua

A Hudson's Adventures on a Little Private Job

By

Jeffery Blyth

THERE were four of them in the Hudson, high out over the grey, wrinkled North Sea, and from time to time as they droned along within striking distance of the Norwegian coast, the same girl's face came into the mind's-eye of all of them.

Lawrenson, the co-pilot, took a sidelong glance at his skipper, and thought: "With a wife like his, I wouldn't care to be going out so often, leaving her."

He pictured the skipper's wife, a tall blonde, lovely, with ripe hair coiled round her serene head, wearing a black frock in which she looked very warm and very alive. A strange mixture of elegance and gaiety, of coolness and warmth; very assured and poised, and yet, when they used to have parties at the skipper's flat, her laughter was the richest, most infectious thing he'd ever known. And she had a way of looking at a man that went with the laughter, as much as to say: "You and I could have fun together, couldn't we?" Well, couldn't they? He had begun to wonder. But for a while, none of them had been asked along, and Hilde Brooke hadn't appeared at any of the other parties.

Lawrenson, who was barely twenty-three, eased off his helmet and felt the silk stocking warm and soft against his scalp. Most of them wore such things under their helmets for comfort, but he reckoned none of them would believe where he had got his! He grinned self-consciously . . . and suddenly tensed as they turned again towards the coast.

Hughes, the navigator, was reporting: "Trondhjem five degrees to port, ten miles, sir."

"Don't waste any plates this time," Brooke grunted.

As they went down with the engines off, Hughes at the camera-gun muttered to himself. What was wrong with the skip, to-day? Just because they had to go twice over Bodo, he was narking like a blessed woman. That wife of his must be giving him the run-around. An operational pilot shouldn't have a wife, Hughes, who was a confirmed bachelor of twenty-five, reckoned. He distrusted blondes on principle, and especially married ones who asked you to come through and help get the sandwiches. And teasing him in the kitchen about being a dark horse and a slow water! But, to be honest, no other man by so much as a wink had a bad word to say about her. Maybe it was the foreign blood in her that made her so free-and-easy.

The aircraft rocked suddenly, throwing Hughes off his balance. Lord, the skip's nervy to-day, he thought, rubbing his elbow. It wasn't like him to be so jumpy about a little flak yards away.

The wireless operator, Murray, sensed the tension in the way the aircraft was being handled. They went down, rolling unsteadily, and were brought up with a sudden jerk that gave him a moment of nausea. Then he recalled something the skipper's wife had said: "Sometimes I make him so angry with me before he leaves, you will remember to blame it on me, please?"

Gosh, she was lovely, lovelier than Jenny, yes—but Jenny was different.

Murray breathed a sigh of relief when they banked steeply away and there was no sign of pursuit. He didn't want anything to go wrong this trip. Jenny was counting on him going home with her on leave. He knew, too, though nothing had been said, that this visit to her people could only mean one thing. It was her way of saying: "We could get married, if you like." He wouldn't have dreamt of asking her, she was so popular among the fellows, and always joked and teased him.

A wild excitement filled him at the prospect. Maybe, after this leave, if it went well, they could manage a week-end honeymoon. If everything went well. . . . Jenny's people must be pretty nice. How could he measure up to her sort of home, a rough-neck like him?

Hughes reported: "All correct, sir. Course, 35 degrees west. Wind's strengthening."

Lawrenson said: "Will I be glad to see the last of this German Ocean."

Brooke, the captain, rose in his seat: "You take over, Lawrie. Keep her level. We're not going home, yet."

To their left the cliff fell away in a small bay. He put her round hard, dived almost to ground-level on the shore, and gave Hughes the signal

"Not going home——" Lawrenson echoed blankly. But catching the glint in the skipper's eye, he slid along carefully into the pilot's seat. Then he risked asking: "What 's on, skipper?"

"A little private job," Brooke said, and hesitated, as if wondering whether to take him into his confidence. Clumsy in his flying-suit, he climbed into the fuselage, where Hughes was checking a chart.

Hilde had been with him, sitting at his side all the way, her eyes wide and pleading, never leaving him. He couldn't deny her any longer.

"I 'm afraid, Nick," she 'd whispered, as he bent to kiss her "Good-bye," and then she 'd laughed again, her gay, brave laugh. "How easily I fool you, Nickums. You know I 'd just love to be free of you for the rest of the war. Oh, what a time I 'd have amongst your Air Force boys!"

At one time she had fooled him. He 'd always felt he wasn't good enough for her, and he had been morbid at times when they were just married, she was so alive and so lovely, a plain flying man like him couldn't hope to hold her.

But he 'd come to understand the things she couldn't explain. Being gay was her only outlet, her only way of forgetting, she who had so much to forget.

"And I must flirt with your boys," she 'd try to explain, with a moment's childlike seriousness. "I want to love them all because they are part of you. I want them to be gay and brave with you, so that they will kill many Germans and bring you home safely again."

This time, Brooke thought, we must get home to her. Perhaps he ought to have asked for leave and stayed with her. But he wanted to do this one job, for her sake.

HE sat on his haunches beside the navigator, said tersely: "Hughes, there 's a little fiord beside Brondlesund. There." He pointed with his gloved finger. "I want some more pictures taken there."

Hughes' brow puckered. This was very odd. But he said nothing.

Brooke went on: "If any questions are asked, you can report that we thought we spotted a large ship making for the fiord. Savvez?"

The observer looked relieved. "Sure, sir!" If the skipper was up to some dodge on his own, it was a pleasure to do him a favour. It was a pleasure, anyway, to buck the ground bosses. In a few minutes he reported: "Brondlesund three minutes to port, sir."

Brooke said to Lawrenson: "I 'll take over."

They went in low, in a wide circle, very fast. The rugged height of the fiord rose to meet them, the sun glistening on pockets of snow.

Lawrenson caught his breath when he saw what the skipper was shaping her up for. In the next instant, the sheer face of the cliffs rose above them on either side. They were only a hundred feet from the water, and when he saw how narrow the fiord became farther up, and noted the speed on the indicator, Lawrenson went cold. What did Brooke think this was, a circus stunt? And then the thrill of it got him, and he marvelled at Brooke's smooth judgment as the aircraft streaked between the cliffs.

No one flew *up* a fiord, if it could be taken crosswise. Once you were between the high sides, you were a target for any kind of gun on the shores, and you couldn't take avoiding action. Only at such a speed could they be reasonably safe, and Lawrenson reckoned he wouldn't have flown a fighter up that canyon at any speed.

"Holy mackerel!" he breathed. "A nice bit of ardua!"

Away behind them he heard a machine-gun rat-at-tatting in frenzied futility.

Brooke sat tense at the stick. The run-up would only take half-a-minute, but by sheer luck so many things could hit them before they got through. He hadn't asked the others if they 'd do this with him. He 'd known they 'd all say "Yes," even if they thought it crazy, and he did not want to explain that he had taken a kite up this fiord many times before the war.

"Ready, Hughes!" he called. To their left, the cliff fell away in a small bay. He put her round, hard, dived almost to ground-level on the shore, and gave Hughes the signal. As they gathered speed with her nose down, he heard the ripping tear of bullets going through them. Hughes had not replied to his signal. He could hear nothing in the inter-communication 'phone but young Murray cursing with Celtic fluency as he fired his guns. Sweat trickled down his brow as he waited. Then, cool as though they were taking news pictures, came Hughes' voice: "In the bag, sir!"

Brooke snapped: "Why the hell can't you answer me when I signal?" But he was happy with relief.

They were out over the sea again and headed for home, when he crawled back.

"I thought you were going to hit that farm, sir," Hughes said, unruffled. "I hope no one was undressing in the front bedrooms."

Brooke punched his shoulder. Then he saw Murray was still sitting at the guns . . . sitting very upright, his smile sickly.

"Sorry, sir," Murray said. "My blinking shoulder got in the way."

A leaden weight seemed to halter Brooke's limbs as he went to him. This was his fault entirely. But his movements were quick and skilful as he undid the flying suit.

He felt light-headed with relief when he saw the bullet had only torn the flesh of the shoulder. "Hughes will patch that up for you."

"Wish I could smoke, sir," Murray said, his teeth, clean and strong, still showing. Brooke realised that this must be the boy's first brush with the enemy.

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

Vaguely he recalled how happy he had been, too, when he 'd had his baptism of fire.

He pushed a piece of chocolate between the boy's teeth, cuffed him affectionately on the ear, and turned away. He wanted to say something, that he was sorry he had had to take them up such a spot, but he knew Murray's embarrassment would have been greater than his own.

Murray was thinking. " This means leave, all right. Gee, I 'll be a ruddy hero at Jenny's house, with me war wounds ! " He grinned, happily.

Lawrenson, when the skipper rejoined him, wanted to praise that piece of flying, but all he said was : " You didn't tell me you used to be in a circus."

The captain did not respond. He was watching the sky anxiously and the dark cloud gathering on the horizon.

THEY hit the gale and fled on into it. The aircraft shuddered and fell through pockets. Brooke's face was grim, a darkness in his eyes that was not a reflection of the sky. This wasn't bad luck, it was the unpredictable possibility he had discounted. If they ran short on the last stretch, that few gallon used to go to Brondlesund might cost them their ship. If he hadn't had a stubborn faith in his own hasty judgment and his luck. . . . If he had not been haunted by those blue, appealing eyes. . . .

In the cabin, Hughes and Murray watched the clock. Aircraft had so many hours to fly in. Hughes was thinking of the time they had wasted because he missed the target on their first run-in at Bodo.

He said, irritably : " Anyway, I 'm fond of rowing."

Murray asked : " Have you ever been down in the sea ? "

Hughes snorted. " Listen, my lad, old hawk-eye Brooke never has left a kite behind yet."

It was a storm such as flying men talk about over their beer. Brooke knew that going to Brondlesund had little to do with their chance of survival now. A wind like this might last for hours. They were drifting far out of their course, and it was impossible to check their track with any accuracy. His only hope was to keep her into it, keep her going. . . .

Lawrenson was thinking : " This would happen on her last night at the Empire. She 'll be gone to-morrow while I 'm freezing my fanny in a dinghy. He'd spent too much time on her already, anyhow. She wasn't an economical proposition. Now, if I 'd a girl like Hilde Brooke. . . ."

He did not see her, sitting there beside the skipper.

BUT at last they were out of the gale, the shuddering and jarring strain had ceased, and they were cruising easily. Brooke did not relax. He knew that the strength of his beast was almost spent.

Lawrenson slid from his seat to examine the lead-ins from the reserve petrol-tanks. He noted the readings of all the gauges, made some calculations.

" We 've got about half-an-hour," he observed. " Mind if I fill my lighter now ? "

" Those fellows on the ground, their pencils are too sharp," Brooke grumbled. " They reckon things too dam' neatly."

Ten minutes later, Murray, who had refused to quit the set, reported : " I've located base, sir. Ceiling 2000, spotty with fog. Wind, nor'-east, 30 miles."

" Tell them we may be forced down, but to stand clear for us."

Lawrenson said cheerfully : " Fuel almost gone. Do we chance it ? "

Brooke searched the whirling cloud anxiously. Just give me a small break, he prayed. He was down to 6000 feet. He daren't lose any more height, they 'd need it all when the motors cut off.

They caught a glimpse of the coast at last. It looked miles away.

" Dead on the line, sir," Hughes sang out.

Brooke spoke to the crew. " I 'm going to take her down on a field. But the engines may fail before I can make it. You chaps know what that means. It will be too late to get out once we stall. You 're near land now. Better jump for it."

Lawrenson said at once : " I hate getting my feet wet. I 'll stay with you, skipper."

Murray knew he was scared to jump ; he 'd never done it, and the thought of it troubled him at nights before

He saw the boy drop, waited a breathless eternity, and then, just as the cloud swallowed him up, the white parachute billowed out

he fell asleep. He 'd have to crash with the rest, and Jenny would have to wait for some other leave, or some other fellow to take home with her. He met Hughes' eyes, and flushed in expectation of the navigator's cynical smile, feeling that his thoughts must be transparent to the other.

But Hughes' smile was curiously tender. Hughes, with his nine months of flying, had lived a generation longer than Murray, but he remembered all of that nine months ago, when he, too, had been cold with fear. Hughes wanted to stay with his ship, but he knew, too, that this moment belonged to Murray. " I 'll go first," he said into the 'phone, looking across at the boy.

" How 's your arm, Murray ? " Brooke asked. " Not too stiff ? "

" No, sir. I—I 'll manage."

The aircraft went through cloud. There was more cloud below. But they daren't wait.

" Go back and help them," Brooke said to his co-pilot, and sat alone, darkness in his eyes, over the controls.

He looked back and saw the parachute open up, Hughes' small body jerked upright, and almost stationary for a long moment.

" Tell Murray to take it easy . . ." Brooke began, and then remembered that neither of the others would have their headphones on. He saw the boy drop, waited a breathless eternity, and then, just as the cloud swallowed him up, the white parachute billowed out.

Brooke cut out the engines, saving the last of the petrol for a final spurt lower down. He was tired. He realised suddenly how much of the flying he had done since before dawn. They were slipping in the wind now. He put the aircraft over to get the drag on the flaps. It was nerve-racking having to wait for leverage. He knew they were done if the wind dropped.

Lawrenson had his fingers crossed. It was no cake taking a bomber in without steam. Most times he 'd rather be flying the kite than watching someone else fly her. This wasn't one of those times. He thought, obliquely, that life was very sweet. You got used to the idea of danger, yet, somehow, he 'd never thought of dying. A picture came to his mind of his mother at his brother's funeral early in the war. She 'd borne it well, refusing even to wear black. She was the only one who 'd be hurt now. How would Hilde Brooke take it, he wondered, and suddenly, out of the limbo of half-forgotten desires and remorse, Lawrenson felt the need to speak of her, to let Brooke know that his respect for her had never faltered.

" She 's a dam' fine girl, your wife, skipper. I wish you 'd ask me round again soon."

Brooke didn't appear startled. His smile seemed to be for the girl still sitting at his side, as if they 'd shared a secret confidence about Lawrenson.

" What the hell," he said, gruffly. " You can visit her in the nursing home. I hope we 're back in time. Hughes got some pictures for her. She 's Norwegian on her mother's side, you know. That was the old lady's farm we photographed at Brondlesund, with the washing out and chimneys smoking and a couple of cows in the field behind. Got to let her know her mother 's alive and not starving. A girl needs her mother with her when she 's having a baby, dammit. This is the best I can do."

" Good lord ! " said Lawrenson. Then : " Mustn't smash anything when we land."

" We won't," Brooke said.

With the engines off and the nose down, they lost height rapidly. They came through the cloud, and the next second it seemed the green fields came up to meet them. The engines fired again, and Brooke levelled her out, searching for a flat field anxiously while she remained airborne. Lawrenson's heart missed a beat when the engines stopped again. But Brooke had the wind on her quarters. They went round in a graceful bank and straightened out down-wind, over a wide meadow.

The bump was surprisingly gentle ; for a moment they hung suspended, almost going over on the nose, then, as a hedgerow flew at them, Brooke pulled her round dizzily and they stopped with the wing-tip just above the hedge.

" Holy mackerel ! " Lawrenson sighed. " A nice bit of ardua, sir ! " And the captain laughed at the youngster's worn-out joke. " Per ardua ad astra "—by God ! [THE END.]

Convoys of mechanised construction lumbered over the rough forest roads

The "Fifth Arm" of Canada

Stories of the Men who are Performing Miracles for War Production

By Day Russell

PUBLICITY has been showered, in Canada, on the four arms of the fighting services—the navy, the merchant marine, the army and, last but not least, the air force. But there is another arm, a fifth arm, in no way to be confused with the infamous fifth column. Publicity has passed it by, apparently because no one thinks it is interesting and perhaps because it has been too busy breaking records to notice the neglect itself. If its story could be pieced together—not only its massed achievement, but the individual exploits of its members—it would show a record surpassed by few in its value to the war effort. Men of this fifth arm are too busy to tell their own story, and the Press bureaux are attached to the uniformed services.

One has only to mention the construction army of Canada and people duck for cover in fear of a barrage of statistics.

But take the story of one man, a man young enough to be the son of one of our generals or admirals, and much younger than even the average Russian or German general. He runs an organisation the size of an army division and his equivalent of staff officers are as young as he is. His field engineers are his brigadiers and colonels, whose regiments and brigades as soon as one job is finished, are swung into action on another front.

They have done a job of blitzing that even the late Dr. Todt, Hitler's famous engineer-in-chief, with twelve years of preparation, could not beat. No names can be mentioned because his office, divisional headquarters to the army, devoid of civil or military guards, is littered with plans and specifications that would be a dream of heaven to any Nazi agent.

I was in his office three weeks ago, waiting while he listened to a long-distance call. He put the receiver down and grinned.

"That was Ottawa. Emergency call. We've got more work than we can handle and they want us to build, equip and staff a factory in X and get it into operation in three weeks."

"Sounds impossible," I replied.

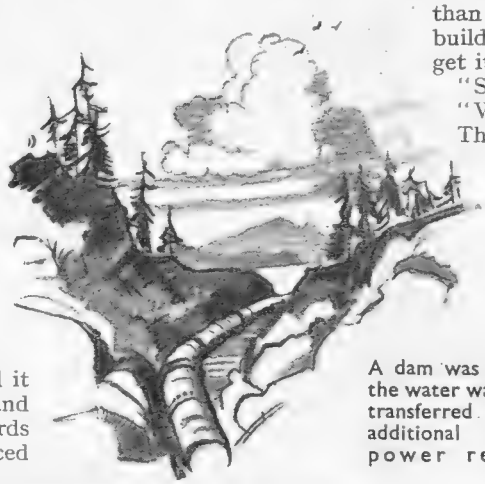
"We'll do it," he said.

Three weeks or so later I met him again.

"How is the factory?" I asked.

"Working," he replied.

The story of those brief weeks is the story of how Canada can wage her war when she gets into her own line of work.



A dam was built and the water was steadily transferred for the additional electrical power required

First came rapid staff work, quick, sure planning after preliminary reconnaissance. Then an

(*Continued on page* 53)

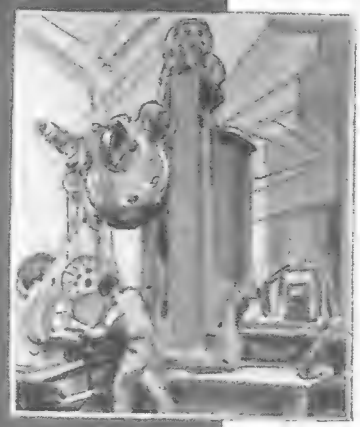
Accommodation huts were run up, sleeping quarters and commissariats installed, and all the huge equipment of a small town supplied

What Will the

I HAVE just made a date with an American colleague for a little pleasure trip dated between 1945–1950.

He will come from New York by air over the top of the world, Labrador, Greenland, Murmansk on the White Sea, and down the northern branch of the Hitlerian "world highway" across Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia, and meet me in Stockholm. I shall motor out from London across the Channel causeway —we don't count on a tunnel being finished so soon.

We shall then follow the great express route south-west across Europe by way of Femern, Hamburg, Paris, Cologne, Bordeaux. My friend then leaves me at the Spanish fork and goes south to Algeciras, across the Strait of Gibraltar by tunnel, over the Atlas mountains and the Sahara by rail, to Dakar, war-risen to the status of a chief sea-and-air port. I shall go on to Lisbon, war-developed into the European air terminal, and hop a flying boat on the three-a-day trans-Atlantic service which the war inaugurated.



Ten days later we shall meet for a week's ski-ing in Greenland, by then a popular winter sports ground made accessible by the construction, development and communication services which grew up during the wartime occupation.

True, some of the routes on our trip chart don't exist to-day. The Channel causeway and the Gibraltar tunnel, for instance. But we hope these details on the Nazi blue-print of the Hitlerian "world highway" won't fail to materialize merely because the United Nations instead of the Axis Powers win the war. Everything else is building, operating now as a military service, or exists as a detail plan.

The Reich autobahn is the hub of the "world highway" Hitler's grandiose imagination projects. At the northern end, the railway across north Finland is being pushed ahead, but the Nazis have some conquering to do before they reach a terminal on the White Sea. The Danes have just been soaked 100 million kroner for the Copenhagen–Hamburg stage. A double-track railway, two enormous train ferries for the forty-minute passage between Lolland and Fermen islands, and a straight new motor road by-passing intervening towns and villages, cuts the time distance between the Danish capital and Hamburg from eight to four hours. Vichy France is building the 2,000-mile-long railway across the desert to Dakar. The tunnel under the western Mediterranean narrows can't be excavated while Gort squats with his guns and men on the Rock.

War works have their constructive side, and there is some consolation in peering into the smoking world cauldron and discerning amid the churning fiery mass some gleaming specks of useful residue : improved communications, better social services, crumbling of class barriers, scientific discoveries, advances in techniques, bold trial-and-error experiments in the economic field, regeneration of an agriculture which had been decaying, the demolition of an ineffective and inefficient and wasteful old world and a forced march through unknown and dangerous territory towards a new and better organised world.

OUT of the first world war came broadcasting, machine agriculture, motorisation, a reliable aero engine, the modern chemical industry, artificial fertilisers, great advances in metallurgy and fuels, improved surgical methods, a perfect antiseptic, an experiment in teetotalism in America, votes for women in England, the communist era in Russia. Not all these residua were wholly good. There are two views about communism. The dry era in America generated a crime wave whose effects will not be burned out of American life for another generation. And some say that it was the women's vote which kept Britain pacifist, delayed re-arming, and encouraged the aggressor powers to plan war. What machine agriculture did in America you can read in Steinbeck's grim *Grapes of Wrath*. It produced in Russia a collectivisation policy, a *kulac* purge, and an interim famine, which together killed more Russians than have fallen in the war with the Nazis so far. As for that reliable aero engine, we're paying a very high price for it.

THE residua of this war will invite like speculation and comment. Capitalism merges with socialism as government lays down the main lines of the national economy, regulates employer-labour relations, takes the bulk of business profits, and by taxation prevents any man from having an income of more than £5,000 a year. We function under a national government which has been in office for over a decade, and seems capable of endless combinations ranging from extreme Right to extreme Left. We ration, to secure a fair distribution of life's necessities. We help the lower-income-bracket group by subsidising essential foodstuffs out of the public treasury. We put wage-earners at last into the income-tax-paying class, there to be reminded by experience that everything Government spends comes out of the pockets of all of the people. Prices we keep in check by price-fixing and Government purchases of whole crops and whole outputs. We put women on to operate the barrage balloons, work the heavy anti-aircraft artillery fifty-fifty with men, shoulder red-tabbed gentlemen out of army staff jobs, and, by the latest army reform, replace low-medical-category soldiers in non-combatant jobs.

All these and many other wartime phenomena won't pass, shrugged off like last night's nightmare when the last shot is fired, and tourist parties form to view

War "Debts" Be?

Mars' Legacies—and Benefits?—to Humanity

By C. Patrick Thompson

Hitler's tomb. Something of many of them will remain—a trace, an influence, maybe enough to make a permanent change. Some will tide over and provide a starting-point for new ways of life.

"Tranquillity," "safety-first" and "normalcy" are old, discredited words. Probably we shall never return to the old aimless way of life. A year's national service of some kind for young men and women may be a part of the life pattern in tomorrow's Britain. Services like the wartime free or cheap (which means subsidised) distribution of milk, fruit juices and cod-liver oil for small children and expectant mothers will stay. The community will recognise a greater responsibility for the coming citizen. We shan't again expose ourselves to the indictment of the MacDonald–Baldwin–Chamberlain England contained in that passage in Shirer's *Berlin Diary* describing the British prisoners of war he met and talked with in the factory yard outside Maastricht: ". . . *hollow-chested and skinny and round-shouldered. About a third of them had bad eyes and wore glasses. Typical, I concluded, of the youth that England neglected so criminally in the twenty-two years when Germany, despite its defeat—was raising its youth in the open air and the sun.*"

The British Commonwealth of Nations will be more of a real commonwealth and less of a disjointed and badly run empire. Malaya and Singapore finished overnight the sort of imperial government which has no roots in the life of the governed masses. The threat to India thuds on the obstinate Indian problem like a battering-ram, and there may be a solution in months instead of centuries. War industry is rapidly producing a better-balanced economy in agricultural states; and the blockade, a revival of neglected agriculture in over-industrialised states, like Britain.

THE value of human skills and human character has been tardily recognised, and we shall not again see officers of the merchant fleet treated as casual labour instead of key men in a vital national service—a repetition of that revealing great-slump incident, when a British ship sailed from the Clyde with twenty-three certificated officers working as deck and engine-room hands, because a depression had thrown them on the beach as "surplus," and they had to eat, and maintain their families. In the post-war world the State will concern itself with the recruiting, training, pay-rates and work conditions of these merchant fleet officers. The whole status of the seaman will be raised.

This is only one sidelight on a national and world-wide change, war-wrought. But it is illuminating. Money is the catalyst producing these changes. In peace, there is never money for this and that: in war, somehow, money is always found for the essentials of survival, and victory over the enemy. Government takes an enforced interest in production, in problems of overcoming scarcities, keeping the population fed, outmatching the enemy's technology, persuading men to maximum work efforts and maximum risks. Science and scientists, usually neglected, are flattered, cultivated, encouraged. Government actually hires them and provides money for experiment and research.

ON the basis of published figures in the chief countries before the war blacked out statistics, there must now be nearly a million specialists chasing new processes and products in research stations around the world, and the work may cost anything from £150,000,000 to £300,000,000 a year. Judging by what came out of research drives only a third as large during the last four-years' war, the post-war consequences of the present scientific activity are likely to be terrific. They may change our whole way of life and the very aspect of our world.

Industry used to monopolise research funds, but now agriculture is getting its share, and one of the greatest revolutions in human history seems under way. Agricultural research now being conducted in scores of centres may save multitudes from starvation after the war.

A high-light of the British Association meeting last March was the forecast of rapid rebuilding of the depleted cattle stocks in the war areas, notably Poland and the "scorched earth" area of Russia. The new method is artificial insemination. Dr. John Hammond pointed out that by this method the best lines of livestock can be spread cheaply throughout the world by

(*Continued on page* 54)

Decoration by J. Nicolson

The Royals

With the "Leathernecks" in a Raid on an Enemy Post

By Edward Cranston

THE crusier steamed steadily through the calm, blue water; her wake lay like a gigantic white feather on the still surface of the Mediterranean. Around her decks the gun's crews dozed in the heat of the afternoon sun, while on the bridge the officer of the watch shaded his eyes as he peered out ahead. The chief yeoman of signals leaned against the door of the wireless office and hoped that nothing would happen to disturb the peace of this strangely restful day. In an hour he would be relieved and he planned to lie out on the poop deck after tea and write to his wife. A telegraphist looked round the door of the office.

"Like a bloomin' pleasure cruise, ain't it, mate?"

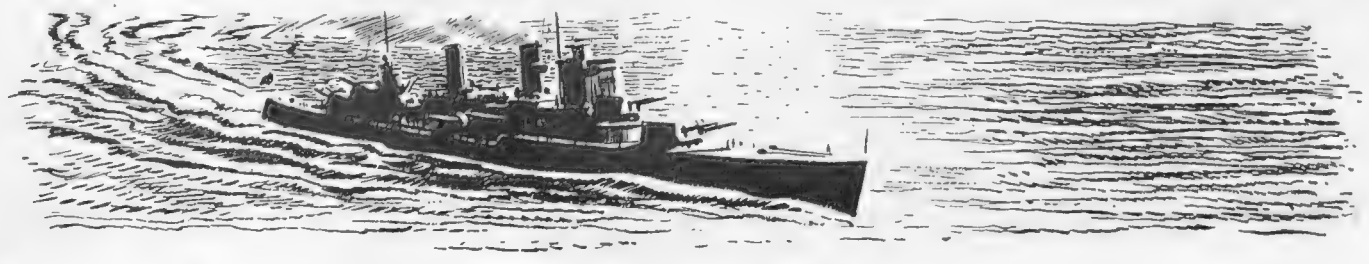
The chief yeoman smiled. After the war he had decided to bring his wife out here to the Mediterranean on a cruising liner. It was funny the way he never wanted to leave the sea.

"It'd be better without any U-boats!" he answered.

Most of the officers in the ward-room were sleeping. In fact, only one was really awake. The Lieutenant of Marines was young for his job. When he had been appointed to this cruiser, the adjutant at barracks had explained that it was only a temporary command, until a captain could be spared to take over from him. He had implied that the lieutenant had been specially chosen.

Ever since his arrival, John Dalton had striven to make a success of his work. Up to a point, he supposed, he had succeeded. And yet something was wrong. Nothing to do with him or with his detachment; merely a feeling that perhaps the Royal Marines were slightly looked down upon by the rest of the ship's company. Had he been more experienced in the ways of the Service, he would have known that one of the chief recreations of the average Naval officer in a big ship, is to chaff the Royal Marine detachment. He would have known also that officers and men alike had a wholehearted respect for the "Leathernecks." But he was not very experienced—in fact he was only twenty-one and this was his first sea job. And so, as he sat in an armchair under the ward-room fan, he felt worried and dissatisfied. (*Continued on page* 56)

There was a wild burst of firing and the search-lights swung crazily back and forth. It could only be a matter of seconds before they were seen



A Drama in which the Guerillas play the Leading Parts

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"HE means no harm," she answered quickly. "After all, these people cannot love me. To them I am a traitor. They cannot understand just what I feel"

Russian Salad

By

Stanley Jackson

ALTHOUGH it was but a few minutes after six o'clock the streets of Vrubel belonged to a city of the dead. The setting was that of a normal summer's evening, to all appearances; the green mountain range in the distance was still hazy with sun; tiny clouds fluffed the hilltops, and the flat dreary plain rolled across the Ukraine for a thousand miles of soft brown fertile monotony, studded by dark woods and the glint of a sudden river.

The air was heavy with the smell of horses and goats and dry brushwood, but every now and then the odour of petrol hit you smartly. The clanging of a train bell seemed to make the silence even more profound as it died away. The place was utterly, forlornly deserted. In the churchyard was a grave not yet covered. Two spades had been hurriedly abandoned and a frog danced on the lid of the coffin.

The local people knew better than to flout the curfew hour ordained by the Nazis. At that very moment every one was busily turning out cupboards and cellars for the official inventory scheduled for the morrow. All stocks of food, liquor and clothing were to be disclosed under pain of death; the Germans had already commandeered the grain and livestock, and a peasant who was caught setting fire to a haystack had been flogged to death in the square.

Vassily proprietor of the "Red Star," the only hotel in the town, was also stocktaking but for a different reason. His place was now the headquarters of the Nazi officers, and they demanded the best. Formerly, he had had to cater for a few peasants who had come a fair distance for market day and were too weary or too drunk to face the journey back through the night. Or there might be an occasional commissar either visiting the district to keep an eye on the new tractors or on his way to Odessa. Vrubel was convenient as a market centre, but its real value was due to an abrupt bend in the Dniester which had transformed the place into a railway junction for

the rolling stock between Bessarabia and the Black Sea.

"One, two and three," Vassily was muttering to himself as he stacked the bottles of vodka into groups. A patch of red showed on his scrubby cheekbones while he counted, and every so often he took a swig from a bottle and cursed the Germans. His one eye squinted with a peculiar fixity at the row of bottles before him, and his reddish beard was stringy from the number of times he had clawed it in his rage.

Upstairs in the lounge two or three German officers were sprawled in armchairs, smoking and talking.

"Here comes the worthy Kosel with plenty of milk," shouted a young lieutenant, jumping to his feet. Vassily's mouth curled back from his teeth, yet he managed to smile ingratiatingly when the German grabbed a bottle of vodka and cracked the neck across a chair. He had endured much since the arrival of the Germans, but when they called him "Kosel" he found it hard to hold back. He had been called "the goat" for years by every one in the town, but for these louts to adopt it was another matter.

HE watched them drinking his vodka and noted their thick blond necks over the unbuttoned tunics. His fingers itched at his red beard while they laughed and slapped down the flabby cards at a table in the corner.

The second bottle was just being opened when the colonel came in with Maria. He limped a little but his back was stiff and his infirmity seemed to give added dignity to his bearing. He was nearly bald save for a few wisps of dark hair across the top of his head. He looked to be a man of fifty, but his dark eyebrows and slim figure belonged to a younger man.

The card players jumped to their feet and clicked their heels. He slightly bowed and waved them back to their game with a half smile.

"Something for myself and madame," he snapped at Vassily. While the bottle and glasses were being brought he took a cigarette from his case and passed it to Maria. She shook her head.

"I must cure myself of this vice," she said with a smile. "But you make it hard, colonel."

He leaned forward and placed his hand over hers.

"It is cruel to be so young and beautiful and self-controlled," he teased in his careful Russian, but there was no gentleness in his eyes as he studied her face.

Just then Vassily placed glasses before them and opened the bottle of vodka.

"Hurry, Comrade Kosel," barked the colonel. "We must not keep the lady waiting." He looked round the room with a wide grin and the officers laughed heartily although only one or two understood Russian.

Vassily shuffled back to his reception counter and the patch on his cheekbones showed like an angry weal. "Kosel" was bad enough, but the mocking tone of that word "Comrade" stabbed him even harder.

The card players were now only pretending to concentrate on their whist. They watched their colonel and the Russian woman with eyes that were weary of the filth and glare of the battlefield; with the eager brutal desire of men in whom nostalgia has become the dull ache of a half-forgotten pain. Their greedy eyes measured her fine athletic body and envied the colonel his good fortune.

Maria sipped her vodka and chatted lightly of life in the "Stanitza," where she had been brought up as a child. The colonel was not listening but he had

THE Colonel's fingers bunched into a huge fist. Puffing a cloud It was so unexpected that the Russian lost his balance and

of cigar smoke he suddenly struck him a powerful blow on the jaw. crashed to the floor. He groaned but staggered to his feet

sufficient breeding to appear interested. Here and there he nodded and put in a remark while his thoughts stalked the soul of this alien woman. He liked the way her rusty brown hair curled about her ears. He liked her open tawny eyes and that serious look which crinkled her mouth and made her a schoolgirl. It would be damned hard leaving her when they pushed on.

"Why do you frown, Otto?" she inquired with a laugh.

He jerked out a smile. "So," he said lightly, "I frown, and my little one does not like me to frown." He sighed heavily. "Perhaps you would find one of my younger officers better company." His tone was edged with a sly self-pity.

She twined his fingers in hers. "Do not mock me, Otto."

He was trying to think up a compliment in Russian when an orderly approached the table, saluted smartly and stood at attention.

"Well?" barked the colonel.

The man handed him a note which he read with a heavy frown. He folded the slip of paper, placed it in his wallet and dismissed the orderly with a nod. Then he poured himself a half-glass of vodka and gulped it down.

"Vodka, Comrade," he shouted. Vassily brought in another bottle, filled the colonel's glass and backed away.

The German crashed his fist down on the table, rattling the glasses.

"Have you forgotten the lady, you dolt of a peasant?" he shouted.

Vassily's hand was trembling as he poured the vodka into Maria's glass. "Forgive me, Herr Colonel," he whined.

The German watched him shuffle off. His eyes were narrow and mean.

"Before I leave here . . ." he began, and then checked himself.

She looked startled. "Dearest, you are not going? That note is not bad news? I couldn't bear it." Her words came in gasps.

"Of course not, 'divchina,'" he laughed. "Only that peasant's insolence to you . . ." He left his sentence unfinished. "I have a Cossack's 'nagaika' in my bag that will be useful when I decide to thrash this innkeeper."

"He means no harm," she answered quickly. "After all, these people cannot love me. To them I am a traitor. They cannot understand just what I feel."

HER distress and the earnest way she spoke inflamed him more than the vodka. He seized her hand, kissed it and ran his lips up her bare arm. His mind raced over the past few weeks. Not for the first time he congratulated himself for not taking her in cold blood when she had come to him to offer her services for the Third Reich. She was a school teacher who had travelled in Germany and seemed to have a great faith in National Socialism. Of course, he had tested her thoroughly, but there could be no denying her loyalty. In dozens of ways she had helped them. She knew where they could put their hands on the best food and horses, and she had warned him of the danger of guerillas.

His mind jerked back to the little note in his wallet. They had captured a Russian peasant who had attacked a sentry. The man had slit a German soldier's throat and thrown a hand grenade at a staff officer's car as he was leaving for the front. The fellow was to be tried in the morning, and the general's words were clear.

"Make him talk. I know you can do it. Find out who the men are behind him, and we'll smoke them out. This is our chance to (*Continued on page* 58)

Treasures of our Villages

By M. Lovett Turner

"THERE is so little to do and see in the country." How often has that remark been made by the town dweller obliged to seek sanctuary in the country; but is that really true?

Few villages and market towns are without the stone cross, and the seeking of it may become quite as exciting as the search for the elusive cigarette. It may be hard to find, often being little more than a base with its well-worn steps, or the shaft fixed into a concrete base—for neglect and time do as much damage as the enemies' bombs. The cross may be in the churchyard or on the village green. The vicarage garden may treasure the shaft of one amongst the rock plants, or the farmer use its steps as a mounting block. A few may have drifted into the local museums, but many wait at the wayside or, standing with a dignity defying even the elaborations of the town hall, in the centre of the town.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the latter, affectionately called "Butter crosses," is the one at Chichester. It was built about 1500 in the centre of the cross roads. Eight flying buttresses taper gracefully to the octagonal lantern, and the same number of panelled arches give easy access to the shelter beneath. The twentieth-century clock may be an anachronism, but it fits quite happily into the design.

LELAND, writing in the fifteenth century, pithily remarks that these miniature market halls were "to enable the poor market folk to stand dry when rain cometh"—the usual accompaniment to market day in the country! Wives of the neighbouring farmers brought their home-grown produce to the town and placed it under the cross; a happy pitch, for it was always central and, incidentally, there were no market dues to pay. The cross surmounting it was a reminder that God was above all, even the price of butter and eggs. Being usually hidden by a mass of intricate pinnacles and only discernible from a distance, traders were not to be blamed if they forgot the symbolism and bought or sold to their own advantage.

The wayside, or preaching cross, has its foundations in the earliest days of Christianity. From its steps friar and missionary preached of a heavenly home in contrast to the homes in which the peasants lived—hovels the present-day farmer would condemn as being unfit for pigs. Beneath its shadow rough justice was meted out and punishments inflicted that showed little of Christian charity. Vagrants of either sex were ordered to be tied to the cart tail, and whipped through the town for not having a home of their own. Ears were cut off and noses slit for little more than stealing a loaf of bread, or holding views contrary to the political party then in power. Witches stood by the cross during their mock trial, which often ended in the infallible test of having their arms and legs tied together and being thrown into the river. If, as sometimes happened, the woman's clothes buoyed her up, she was considered innocent, but was usually drowned before being rescued. If she sank, well! she was guilty, and that was all. She well deserved to drown.

The preaching cross stood undismayed by proclamation of king or pretender, by the reading of new laws or the repealing of old ones, for few people could read, and the steps of the cross became the parliamentary newspaper — not more irreverent than having our church porches cluttered up with notices of rates and taxes. The cross was also the background for village gaiety, maypole dances and harvest gatherings, though under the Puritan régime even these innocent pastimes were forbidden.

The shaft of a reputed Saxon cross stands in the shade of a tree in the village of Alfriston, in Sussex. Though bricks have replaced the steps and the carving is weathered beyond recognition, it has a dignity that few can dispute. A cross in a better state of preservation is at Stanton, in the Cotswolds, and though its age may be less venerable, and portions of a later date, the dignity of the well-defined Cotswold cottages that surround it adds greatly to its attraction.

A MUTILATED cross is built into a wall at Evesham that has caused much controversy. Legend gives it the added interest of being part of a lepers' altar, built in the days when leprosy was rife in this country and colonies were established in several towns. Others think it is the top of a wayside cross depicting the Calvary—they may both be wrong, but it is not for the passer-by to join in the fray.

There are few (*Continued on page* 65)

Ancient wayside cross at Stanton, in the Cotswold country. It is in a good state of preservation and the dignity of the well-defined Cotswold cottages that surround it adds greatly to its attraction

Shaft of old market cross, reputed to be more than 1,000 years old, at the village of Alfriston, Sussex

The beautiful market cross at Chichester. It was built about 1500 in the centre of the crossroads

Old Tales Re-told

The "Resurrection" of Peter III.

The astounding Story of Pougatcheff, the Cossack Impostor, who shook the Throne of Catherine the Great, and threatened the City of Moscow

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IN most countries the process of social evolution has been more or less gradual, and not by means of the violent cataclysm that happened to Russia.

In the eighteenth century Russia was still in a state of social adolescence compared with other European lands. Centres of culture were few and far between, and vast tracts of country were in a state of primitive neglect.

When Peter the Great came to the throne in 1682 he found himself at the head of a simple-hearted people whose customs and habits had been moulded by years under the rule of Tartar yoke. In many regions the people were barbaric; but in their own simple way the people were high-principled. For instance, though they practised polygamy, they did so with the austerity and strictness of the Mohammedans. There was, in fact, no difference between the harem of the East and the terem of Russia. Needless to say, the religious observances of the poorer classes maintained a higher standard than prevailed among the upper classes. Altogether it was a land of masters and slaves, where ignorance was rife and prevented either class from achieving improvement.

Peter the Great struck a mortal blow at tradition and opened up a whole field of social reforms; but he made the mistake of striking too heavy a blow. The reforms he ordered were too sudden, too radical and extensive. Abrupt abolition of every restriction found the people totally unprepared for their new privileges. The result was, of course, a chaotic upheaval which was not helped by the emotional Russian temperament. The emancipation of women, for example, came like a thunderbolt that spelt doom for the terem and turned the heads of the fair sex—quite unfitted for sudden liberation—to such an extent that they indulged in frantic excesses.

Peter himself was a dissolute man and was determined to impose his own low standard of morals on others. When the more respectable and conservative elements tried to evade his orders, their behaviour was considered an obstacle to the advancement of his reforms, and many of them were put to death. Thus it appeared that the outward sign of Russian social reform was nothing less than that of unchecked vice.

The same policy was adopted by Peter's wife, Catherine I., who inherited the throne by Peter II.; Anna Ivanovna in her turn, and later still by the gay Empress Elizabeth, who, true to such a tradition, was an outstanding mixture of vice and virtue.

She herself undertook the education of Peter's grandson, destined to be her

No one who was capable of adult thought could have been expected to tolerate an Emperor who spent his days playing with puppets or lolling half-drunk in the arms of his mistress, Countess Elizabeth Vorontzoff

They began by spreading dissension among the Cossacks, but unfortunately for them, some were loyal to Catherine and denounced the pair to the authorities. Pougatcheff was flogged and put in gaol.

successor—a sickly child, cruel and vicious by nature. She also undertook the care of the Princess who was affianced to the boy. This was Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst, who quickly showed that she possessed unusual qualities of intellect and intelligence which marked her as one who was fitted to hold the reins of government. Much against her inclination, the girl was married to her repellent fiancé in August 1745. There is no doubt, however, that she was merely fulfilling thereby the wishes of the Empress Elizabeth, who took great pains to prepare her for the honours to which she was destined. Sixteen years later the Empress died, and the ill-matched couple ascended the throne. They took the names of Peter III. and Catherine II.

FOR a year and a half the unwieldy ship of State, outwardly gilded and inwardly rotten, rolled and pitched, but somehow or other managed to keep afloat. This was undoubtedly due to the tact and sagacity of Catherine. The peoples' discontent grew like a brooding storm. No one who was capable of adult thought could have been expected to tolerate an Emperor who spent his days playing with puppets or lolling half-drunk in the arms of his mistress, Countess Elizabeth Vorontzoff, often under Catherine's very eyes. To make matters worse, it was an open secret that Peter intended to have his wife arrested, repudiate her, and then marry his mistress. But fortunately Catherine was in a strong position. She had the trust and favour of the common people as well as of the aristocracy. The Court and the diplomatic corps were also on her side, and in addition she had a lover who was ready to stake his life for her. This was Gregory Orloff. He and his two brothers had the backing of the Army, especially of the Royal Guard. But there was no time to lose if Peter was to be formally deposed. . . .

It was during one of his habitual orgies at his favourite residence of Oranienbaum that Peter heard the news of his imminent retribution. He promptly abdicated—of his own free will, as he said in his letter.

Meanwhile, Catherine, wearing the uniform of a colonel, was riding at the head of the Royal Guard, amid general acclamation, to take the deposed monarch into custody.

But the unfortunate grandson of Peter the Great did not come out of his retreat alive. In her memoirs Catherine describes his death as the natural result of ill-health. But it is plain that one of the brothers Orloff did away with the

The self-styled Peter III. sat on a State chair which some new beauty from the girls brought in for one occasion he was so struck by the figure of a

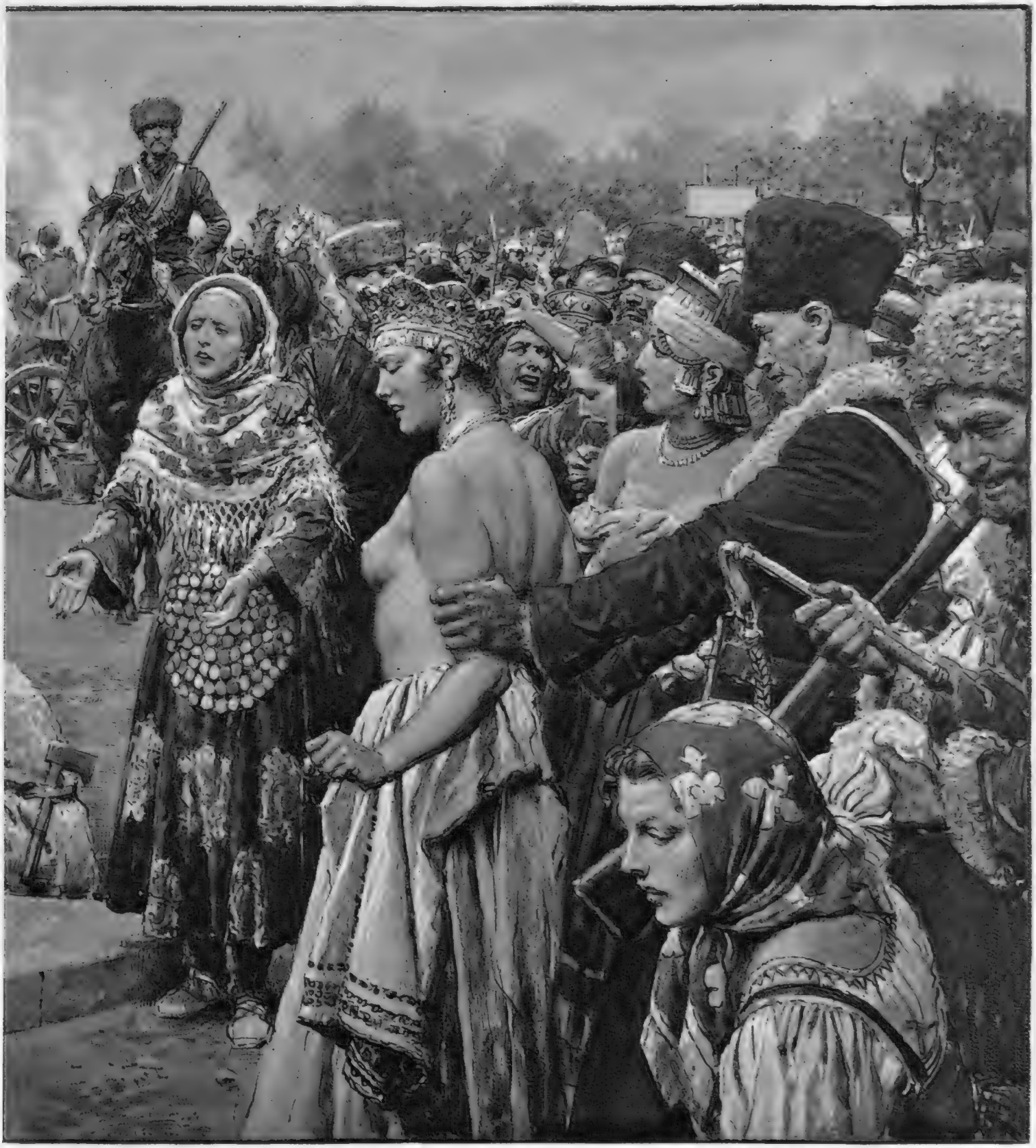
obstacle independently of nature. In fact, many years after, when the papers of Catherine II. were examined, a letter was found in the handwriting of one of the brothers, stating that Peter was killed.

ONCE securely settled on the throne, Catherine gave free rein to her inexhaustible activity. It was not for nothing that she was called " the Great."

Ten crowded years elapsed. Many new personages came into the limelight ; but not one of them attracted more attention or caused more sensation and upheaval than the amazing Pougatcheff. A rough Cossack from the Ural Steppes, he had led an adventurous life, fought in several battles and eventually was invalided home to join his young wife. Soon after he was blessed by two children, a boy and a girl. But a life of domestic calm did not suit him, and he ran away from it. He got into trouble with the authorities and was arrested. But he escaped and crossed the Polish frontier.

There he met a soldier who discerned in him a striking resemblance to the late Czar, Peter III. The likeness gave this man an inspiration. Pougatcheff could easily pretend to be the Emperor Peter and disclaim the reports of his death. He could rally round him thousands of discontents, gain the support of the Cossacks, the serfs, the over-exploited peasantry and all the enemies of Catherine. Backed by so large a force, he could overthrow Catherine and occupy the throne. The soldier declared that he would go everywhere with him and testify to his identity.

For a long time Pougatcheff stood before a mirror and examined himself



had been looted from a dead Governor, passing judgment, ordering executions, or selecting his inspection, already stripped by ruffians eager to ingratiate themselves with him. On Cossack girl that he decided to marry her on the spot and give her the title of Empress

with a searching eye, and at last he persuaded himself that even the Empress would be deceived. He agreed to the proposition and started out for the Urals with his new-found friend.

They began by spreading dissension among the Cossacks; but unfortunately for them some were loyal and denounced the pair to the authorities. Pougatcheff was flogged and put in gaol. Again he escaped. Again he fled to the mountains, but this time he altered his tactics.

In the summer of 1773 he took lodgings at an inn and became friendly with the half-witted innkeeper. He wished to try out his masquerade, and the innkeeper hid him in the house of a Cossack until the moment should be more propitious for the springing of the plot.

RUMOUR soon spread that a person of great importance was about to lead a revolt. The authorities caught one of the conspirators and by means of torture made him reveal the plot. This was enough to make the ringleaders decide on prompt action. Pougatcheff was spirited away. Some days later he was to be found on the Steppes, together with a crowd of adherents. He was dressed in a green coat and given a horse to ride. A huge white flag with a cross was prepared, and a proclamation drawn up for him to sign. But Pougatcheff refused to sign anything until he reached Moscow. The truth was that he could neither read nor write.

The promises contained in the document, attested by forty of the insurgents, was sufficient to get them started on their march. By the time they had reached Yaitska the little band was swollen to 140. Here they were stopped by a force of 500 Cossacks. For a moment Pougatcheff wavered. But fortune favours the brave. He boldly sent his proclamation to the Cossack commandant. An argument started among the soldiery, and the result was that more than half of them deserted to Pougatcheff, while the rest retired—only to be pursued and hanged on the spot by the rebels.

Now more than 500 strong, the insurgents proceeded on their way to Oremburg, spreading terror as they went.

A small village surrendered to them, shouting in all good faith: "Long live Peter III.!" Church bells rang, and the rebel band swelled every hour. They now had several pieces of artillery. The fort near Oremburg was overcome, and the officers and their wives hanged. The men were recruited into the "Army," which consisted mostly of Cossacks. Weapons and ammunition were captured in large quantities. They seized another fort and here Pougatcheff put the commandant to death and took two beautiful young women for his mistresses. One was the wife of an officer, and the other was the commandant's daughter. (*Continued on page* 62.)

General Souvoroff, in command of the regular troops, put Pougatcheff in irons and locked him in a cage. Loaded thus on to a cart, he was taken to Moscow

Books: *Reviewed by* Noel Thompson

BEST book of the month, maybe because I am tired of attempts to dramatise this impossibly dramatic war, is "Spenlove in Arcady" (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.). This is the third book which William McFee has written about Spenlove, the lovable mariner with the broad knowledge of human nature. Spenlove has now retired and settled quietly in rural America, although English himself. There he meets, to complete his Arcady, Perdita Ducroy, wife of a flashy and high-powered scenario writer and cheap-story producer. Naturally there are complications which give reign for plenty of smooth satire, never over-emphasised. The writing is beautifully clean cut and I put down this novel—long for these war days—with pleasant memories and the desire for another sequel.

Also of America is "Spring Offensive" by Herbert Clyde Lewis (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.). Winston, the hero, is an American who joins up as a volunteer at the beginning of the war and finds himself in the Maginot Line during the long winter wait. He is seized with the desire to plant sweet peas in the maze of anti-tank "asparagus beds." It becomes a passion and one night he sets out to do so. And the great offensive catches him in no-man's-land. Between vivid descriptions of his sensations, and of his struggles against death in a shell hole runs the medley of his thoughts as he ponders over his past life, like a drowning man. He has visions of what is happening at home in Indianapolis. A slim volume and a good one.

Youth in wartime is shown in a different guise and setting in Evelyn Waugh's latest novel "Put Out More Flags" (Chapman and Hall, 8s.). Here, with much of the brilliant wit which characterised his play *Vile Bodies*, are paraded the cynical attempts of an æsthete and of an unmoral West End and Chelsea ne'er-do-well to fit into the war picture. Their world has changed about them, but not their friends nor their characters, though they may be in uniform. There is much that is serious in this light-hearted novel and more that is clever to those who know the types of the main characters. His skit about the Ministry of Information in the early days of the "Bore" War is too near the truth to be classified as libellous. Civil servants without a sense of humour will hate the book. I, as you may guess, liked it.

IN very different vein is "The Sporting Queensberrys" (Hutchinson 15s.), a surprisingly candid history of the Queensberry family, written by the present Tenth Marquess. Outstanding character in the book is old "Q," the fifth and last Duke of Queensberry, who just lived into the nineteenth century as an old man. He died a millionaire, having compiled his fortune by incredible bets, which are fully described, together with the method in which he won them. Much has been written about old "Q," the great lover and gambler, but nothing could be less biased one way or the other than this. Secondly, of course, comes the Marquess under whose rules every boxing contest in the world is held. He had his faults, many of them, and they are exposed mercilessly. Without sparing his father or himself, the author brings the book up to date. All the way through, like a Greek chorus coming at the end of every chapter (or "round," as they are named), comes some boxing talk, or the description of some great fight or champion. Whether you want a history of the Queensberry family, or a survey of the history of boxing, you can take your choice in this book written in a style far removed from the usual journalese of the ring.

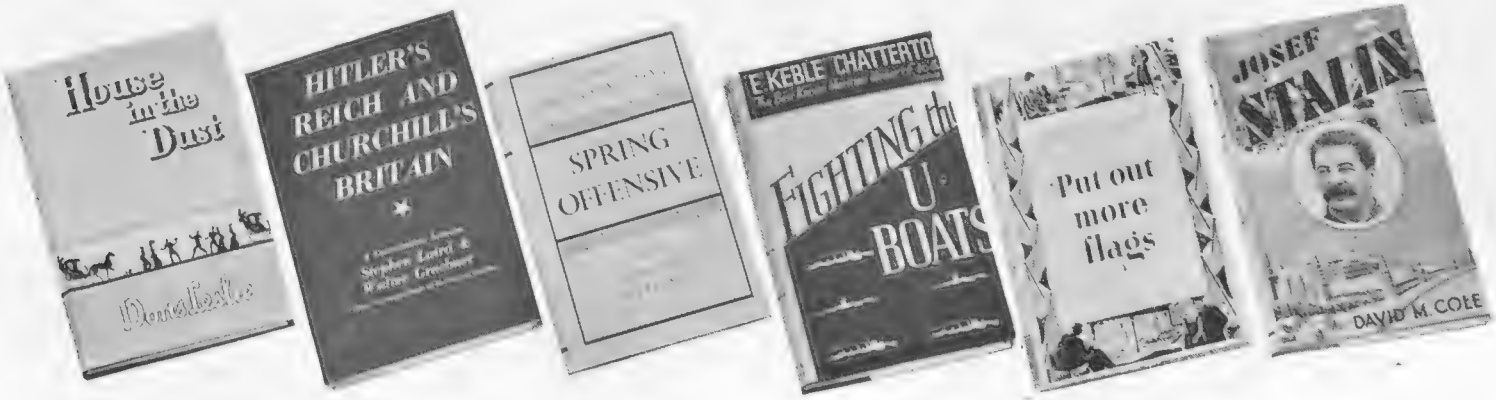
In "House in the Dust" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) Doris Leslie tells the life story of an old lady who is seen, when the tale opens, gazing at the bomb-shattered ruins of her house. And a very full and charming life story it is, told in the first person. It is crammed with life whether she writes of the Victorian father, a first night at the ballet, a theatrical party in Hampstead or a débutante being presented at Court to Queen Victoria. Detailed observation, without satire, of those maligned days, abounds, yet the action is never held up. (*Continued on page* 62)

England, Russia, and Germany

IF you want to understand the magnificent achievements of Russia on the Eastern Front it is essential to study the career of Djugashvili, the son of a Georgian cobbler who became the head of one-sixth of the surface of the world, and is now known as Josef Stalin.

For this purpose I recommend "Josef Stalin," by David M. Cole (Rich and Cowan, 6s.). This is a calculated and factual book with no glamorising or glossing over the faults of the hero, though the circumstances which may excuse them are fairly described. The first part is sketchy, but gives a background to the man he was to become. Stalin's character is gradually built up until after the death of Lenin we see the man and his problems and his achievements clearly, and in doing so see the country and people of Russia, their immense faith, their love of country, their fanatical devotion to Stalin. And finally there is an explanation, satisfactory in the light of after events, of why Stalin signed the famous pact with Hitler in August, 1940. Familiar names like Timoshenko, Budenny, Voroshilov, Molotov run through the book.

On the other hand "Hitler's Reich and Churchill's Britain" (Batsford, 6s.) is a dialogue between the two authors, Stephen Laird and Walter Graebner, *Times* correspondents respectively in Berlin and London. Here in simple form you can see the two countries, Germany and Britain, compared in war and peace, in religion and politics, in freedom and slavery. At times naïve, at times inaccurate (though rarely), it gives, through American eyes, a picture that is never dull.



The girl looked back. "Thank you, Mr. Orde, I will take very good care of your first lieutenant"

Dance

IN the spacious ballroom the rhythmic couples swayed to the strains of the dance band against a soft background of gay nautical decorations, and above the strident notes of the swing number came the cheerful murmur of conversation.

I sat in an alcove idly sipping a long drink and watching casually the carefree dancers. It was hard to realise that this room with its french-chalked parquet floor had been, only a few hours before, a sailor's mess-deck. But then sailors can rig a beautifully decorated dance floor on board almost any sized craft, and when given, as now, a large room ashore they can really let themselves go.

I had come down to this motor-boat base to study the strategy and fighting tactics of these small craft, but, for the moment this was far from my mind.

The dance finished on a fierce trumpet note, and the buzz of conversation swelled loudly now the noisy orchestration had ceased.

A couple settled beside me, separated from me only by a potted palm which drooped lazily against the wall, and I recognised in the pretty girl's escort the captain of a motor torpedo boat. This particular fellow had distinguished himself in many a close range night action in the Channel, and was wearing the blue, white, blue ribbon of the Distinguished Service Cross. He was a tearaway fighter, and had already been dubbed "Tiger" Orde, for his idea of a good fighting range was about thirty yards.

I could not avoid overhearing their conversation, but as it was not of a very private nature I did not consider it worth while to move away.

"Oh, John!" the girl exclaimed. "This is a gorgeous dance, and a red-hot band. Where did you dig it up?"

"The band," he replied with his dry smile, "the ballroom and the fixings are all our own work; made on the premises in our spare time."

"Then why," the girl broke in eagerly, "don't you have dances more often? It isn't as if you are in a ship and had to go to sea."

I THOUGHT of those fierce, bloody actions fought almost weekly by these lads, and wondered just what Orde would say to her.

"Well, you see," he said thoughtfully, "nearly a hundred men would be sleeping here normally, and we can hardly turn them out of their dormitory every night.

"Of course not," she agreed smiling. "It was silly of me." I concurred silently.

A new voice broke in. "What cheer, Pat!" it said. "Don't let the skipper monopolise you. You've got the next two dances with me."

I glanced up to see a tall, good-looking sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R., and thought he must be Orde's first lieutenant, Apsly. His blond colouring and sparkle were a strong contrast to Orde's dark grimness and the girl rose with eagerness to accompany him as the band began a new number.

The girl looked back. "Thank you, Mr. Orde," she smiled at him pleasantly. "I will take very good care of your first lieutenant!"

Orde grinned sardonically, and catching my eye sat down beside me.

"Hallo, sir," he said in his soft voice. "In time to witness youth's victory over age. These young marcelled subs can get away with almost anything." Orde I knew was actually only a few years older than his sub, and was in the early twenties.

"Not so much of the hoary old age!" I said, offering him my cigarette case. "Do you expect a dicky run tonight, or is this an all clear night."

"We never have an all clear day or night in this base, sir," Orde replied. "We're always at short notice, and the word may come through at any minute of the twenty-four hours, but usually after dark, and off we go. Heavy weather is our only break, as perhaps you know."

"Well," I answered him, "I thought you might work twenty-four hours off, or something of that sort."

They poured a heavy fire on to the decks and bridges of the merchantmen to drive the crews to cover

Night

A Channel Action of Motor Torpedo Boats

By Ian Scott

Illustrated by Jack Matthew

"No can do, sir," he told me. "There aren't nearly enough of us to take watches. Each time it's 'All available boats!' We don't really expect to go out to-night, although at the moment it's calm enough. We haven't heard a whisper of anything moving."

But Orde was wrong.

Even as we discussed cabbages and kings, the duty officer entered unobtrusively to touch Orde on the shoulder.

"Admiral on the phone, sir," he reported quietly. "Wants to talk to you."

Orde looked at me without speaking, and his dark eyes glowed. Then rising he walked off swiftly.

Within three minutes I could hear through the valiant rhythm of the band the coughing roar of powerful motors warming up, and I knew what the admiral's message was.

Almost casually officers slipped out into the night and spares were drafted from bar and billiard room to take their places amidst the unsuspecting guests. It was beautifully handled, and spoke of rehearsal.

I too went out into the cold night. Already the heavy roar of engines thundered in my ears as the last members of these tiny crews leapt aboard in their warm sea clothes.

Over the crowded basin the tattered camouflage hung bedraggled and dark against the stars while the white smoke of the exhausts climbed mistily into the blackness.

A few shouted orders, the clutches were engaged, and the boats with foaming wakes worked out of the pens to form a line as they reached across the basin for the breakwater.

I stood on the quayside, shivering slightly in the cold air, and watched them go with envy, and I wondered keenly what their targets would be, and what their opposition.

"Good hunting!" I muttered to their fading wakes, and with something very like a sigh I turned to re-enter the ballroom.

The scene appeared exactly as I had left it. All was noise, gaiety and happy, smiling faces, but I noticed that the strident trumpeter was missing from the band.

Aft the gun swung its slim muzzles round the unseen horizon

A second explosion even heavier than the last and the leading ship was swallowed in an eruption of flame and smoke

Over the gentle swell of the dark waters of the Channel the vibrating hulls were cruising in close order making for a point to intercept the enemy off the French coast.

Torpedo tubes and guns were in the last stage of readiness, and keen eyes swept the darkness for any sign of the enemy.

Some torpedo boats went on to locate and report the enemy. It was bitterly cold in these little craft, wet and draughty, and the black velvet of the night seemed impenetrable.

Orde swung his flotilla, easing his speed, to contact the enemy, and at once the exhausting vibration of the hulls grew less violent and the slashing spray less cutting.

The gunlayers twirled their turrets in eager anticipation and aft the gun swung its slim muzzles round the unseen horizon.

"Number one!" Orde called. "Set the depth charges, and see they are all ready for letting go. We may get a chance to use them."

Down in the wheel-house the signalman stirred, putting his hands over the earphones to hear more clearly.

HE turned to call up to his captain: "Motor torpedo boats about to attack with torpedoes."

The piercing clamour of the alarms rose above the roar of the engines and the men adjusted their helmets, patted their "Mae Wests," and snuggled more comfortably at their guns. The increasing engine roar told of acceleration as the boats raced through the darkness.

Orde became aware of a pale streak off to port and realised suddenly that it must be the wake of an E-boat. Yes, by God! There she was and another: the convoy!

Orde indicated the nearest E-boat, and the rattles gave the signal to open fire.

The turret beside his blazed its twin flames in noisy staccato while aft the green, red and yellow tracers swept a graceful arc on to the target. Behind Orde two other boats also concentrated on the same E-boat, and her wild fire was quickly silenced. On they swept closing the ships of the convoy: for now they could make out the dark hulls dimly. There seemed to be three merchant ships, and besides the five or six E-boats, two trawlers were screening on the bows.

They poured a heavy fire on to the decks and bridges of the merchantmen to drive the crews to cover, and now the E-boats were coming across to drive them off the convoy. Amid the screaming roar of the racing engines, and the heavy rattle of gunfire, came the duller crash of the trawlers' main armament. On the French coast searchlights were switched on, and shore guns lit up the darkness with star shells. In the pale green radiance the coast seemed very near to the torpedo boats as they manœuvred at high speed still keeping their close formation.

"I'm sorry, Pat," he said quietly, his soft voice steady. "But Apsly can't leave the boat to-night"

The enemy's fire was growing more accurate and splinters were flying from the fragile wooden hulls.

A sudden shock, a trembling roar and a vast column of black smoke reared up from the centre merchant ship.

The M.T.B.s had pressed home their attack to close range.

A second explosion even heavier than the last, and the leading ship was swallowed in an eruption of flame and smoke.

In the glare of searchlights and pallid starshell, Orde could see two of the torpedo boats banking in a white wall of spray as they disengaged after their attack.

His attention was drawn to a burst of heavy firing on his port quarter, and he turned his division to investigate, leaving astern another boat which owing to damage could not keep up the speed.

As he neared the scene of the firing he could make out the trawler and three E-boats circling a (*Continued on page 64*)

Laying Up Your Car?

Some Practical Hints and Tips

By Alan Hess

IF any added proof were required of the topsy-turvy state of our present-day world, it would be found in the fact that June, this year, is the month in which hundreds of thousands of car owners will be reversing their pre-war custom.

Before the war this was the month eagerly awaited by large numbers of fair-weather-motorists to bring forth their cars from winter storage and, with the coming of warm days and long evenings, to put them into commission for five or six months of pleasure motoring.

Holiday tours were planned, and weekend jaunts and picnics arranged, for those were the blessed days of peace and plentiful petrol.

How sadly changed is the scene today.

Even those all-the-year-round motorists whose war work has necessitated the continued use of their cars, will now be planning to store their trusty vehicles, as a result of the Government's decision to abolish the basic petrol ration from the end of this month, and to make drastic cuts in supplementary allowances from now on.

Lubricate with grease-gun and oil-can all parts requiring such attention

Obviously there will be a number of motorists who, to save storage charges, will decide to *sell* their cars now, but I would advise readers not to adopt this course unless they absolutely must do so, as the market will not be favourable for them at such a time.

For the benefit of those who determine to lay-up their cars, the following hints will, I hope, prove timely.

In the first place, it must be remembered by those living in prohibited areas that, under the Defence Regulations, there are three main requirements which *must* be carried out.

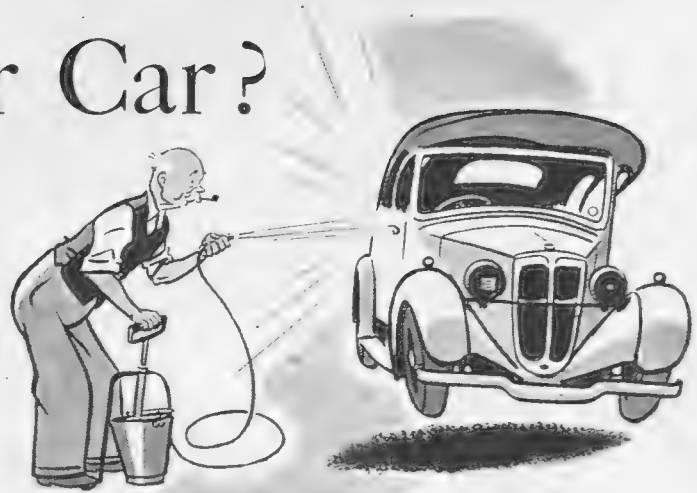
First, the car must be properly immobilised. The ignition key as well as the distributor cover or rotor-arm must be removed, labelled and handed in at the local police station.

Second, the car doors must be locked and, in the case of saloon cars, the windows must first be closed.

Third, care must be taken to ensure that the garage doors can be secured.

These three provisos *must* be complied with by motorists living in defence areas; but both these and indeed *all* motorists contemplating the storage of their cars, will be wise to observe certain other precautions, in order to ensure that deterioration of their cars and of their accessories does not ensue through resultant inactivity.

Here, briefly, are some of the most necessary items to attend to:—



Wash, thoroughly dry and then carefully polish your car

BODYWORK—Wash, thoroughly dry and then carefully polish the car. Take particular care to ensure that the out-of-sight, underneath parts of the chassis are thoroughly dry; also the door and window apertures.

Brush out the interior of the body and spread covers over the upholstery and the floor rugs, sprinkling these covers with anti-moth powder. Make sure the sliding roof apertures are completely dry and that the roof is tightly closed.

Smear all plated parts with vaseline and lubricate all hinges.

If your car is an open model, erect the hood, dust it with anti-moth powder and leave it with the hood up.

CHASSIS—Lubricate with grease-gun and oil-can all parts requiring such attention, notably wheel-hubs, springs, brakes, steering mechanism, shock absorbers and engine controls.

ENGINE—Drain the engine sump and refill with fresh oil, running the engine for a few minutes after doing this, to ensure proper circulation.

Then make certain that the water circulation system is completely drained and flushed through with fresh water until it flows out cleanly, free from traces of rust.

In order to protect the cylinder bores against rust, the Automobile Association advises car owners to take out the sparking plugs and pour into the top of each cylinder an egg-cupful of oil. When this has been done, the engines should be turned over on the starting handle to distribute the oil, and the plugs should then be replaced. Repeat this procedure every two or three months whilst the car is standing idle.

BATTERIES—No part of the car is more liable to deteriorate through inactivity than the battery. If the battery on your car is a new or otherwise good one, it will be well worth while to make arrangements with your local garage to store it for you and to give it a freshening charge every six or eight weeks.

If, on the other hand, the battery on your car is an old one, and the cost of this special maintenance is not worth while, disconnect the leads and wipe them free from acid, wrap their ends in rag and tie them firmly in such a position that they cannot inadvertently cause a short circuit. Also wipe the battery terminals clean.

TYRES—Do not leave the car resting on the tyres. On the other hand, do not rely upon hydraulic jacks to keep the tyres clear of the ground. Either leave the car supported by chocks placed under the axles, with the tyres clear of the floor, or adopt the less desirable course of leaving it standing on the bare rims after having removed the tyre covers and tubes (not forgetting the spare wheel), putting these away in some dark, cool, dry place.

In conclusion, do not forget that Lloyd's underwriters have agreed, as a special concession, to return to motorists laying-up their cars as a result of the withdrawal of the basic petrol ration, the full portion of their insurance premiums for the unexpired period of their policies from July 1 onward.

Take out the sparking plugs and pour into the top of each cylinder an egg-cupful of oil

All This England

Make what Machines he may Man cannot Live without the Earth

By Monica Ewer

THE young moon promised well and the clear sky tinged with the last of the summer sunlight showed that half the great hayfield had been cut. They had been working since dawn, the master himself, elderly men, young girls and schoolboys. Their faces were burnt red and their arms ached.

John Gilchrist shouted to old Faule: "We'll stop now." He searched the sky. "Weather looks settled."

The man nodded. "*Iss fai*, Master John. Dry summer never begs its bread."

Now there was a new rhythm of movement. The horses were led out, tools were piled into the cart, coats were rescued from under hedges, along with the bottles that had once held cold tea.

"Good night, sir. Good night."

Their voices floated back to him as they moved away, high young voices and older voices with the soft Devon drawl.

John turned and walked steadily through his fields, noting that the rye was yellow and almost ripe, plucking an ear of the wheat to find the grain still milky when he pressed it between finger and thumb. After a while he stopped and looked back to where a cluster of cottages topped by the square tower of the church hardly constituted a village. Another John Gilchrist had built the church, and yet another had built those cottages for his labourers, and generations of Gilchrists had known their own men and worked the wide acres in their company. This land was in his blood. He picked up a clod and the dry earth crumbled between his fingers. *This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land . . .*

The ground dipped now and Redaffon came into view, a house not very big but very beautiful, of mellow brick, with tall Elizabethan chimneys and windows with stone mullions.

The door was opened by old Reece, whose stately butler technique contrasted oddly with his Home Guard uniform.

"Been on duty?"

"Going at eleven, sir. Sir Nigel Dalby telephoned."

"What'd he want?"

"He's coming over to see you. Dinner is quite ready, sir. Mrs. Heatherley thought something cold."

The dinner table was spread with old glass and old silver and Mrs. Heatherley was a good cook. Rations there might be, but she maintained darkly that there were ways and ways of cooking rations.

Reece stood at John's elbow with the chicken salad. The only time he had left Redaffon was when he had accompanied John's father to the war in 1914. Only Reece had come home again. In this more scientific war the present John Gilchrist was kept tied to the land.

"If you wouldn't mind, sir, perhaps when you'd finished you'd ring for the girl."

Reece managed to put a world of disdain into his expression. The "girl" was straight from the village school and in the servants' hall the company though much attenuated was still select.

"Yes, you'd better be off, Reece. Put the whisky in the library. Hasn't the girl got a name?"

"Phyllis, sir," said Reece, as if it were a presumption on the part of so mean a creature to have a name.

"We're starting work at five to-morrow. I'll nip back to breakfast at nine."

Reece sighed. The young master was working too hard. For all that John Gilchrist was thirty, to Reece he was still "the young master."

"Very good, sir. Then if you'll excuse me. I'm stationed on the Upper Downs to-night."

In the library John watched the light fade over the enduring hills. From above the mantelpiece Johannes Gilchrist (arm. hujus comitatis vicecomes

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

SHE looked at him with that fleeting expression of contempt which he had seen in the library the first day they met. "It is one way to help to beat the Boche," she said

aet 52 A.D. MDLXXXIV) looked down on the last of his line. They were rather alike, for down the centuries there had persisted the strong, square chin, the clear brown eyes, the thick brown hair. Big men, the Gilchrists, hard riders, good workers, yet gentle with their women and their horses.

John heard Sir Nigel Dalby's old-fashioned car in the drive. There was a sound of running steps in the hall. "The boy" was being allowed to open the door. Presumably the boy also had a name. He must remember to ask. The girl and the boy would grow up and come into their own in this new after-war world of which we heard so much. He hoped they would still let him work on ploughland and pasture.

Sir Nigel was a stout red-faced man in his sixties, working too hard for his age.

"Sorry to call so late, John. Don't know that you'll like this much—but then the war hits us in queer places."

John poured him a drink. "Anything I can do—you can count on me," he said quietly.

"Know that, old boy. It's to do with this refugee committee. Cut a long story short it's a couple that were brought off Brittany last week—understand?"

John nodded. People were got away from France and it was tacitly agreed that one did not inquire too closely into the matter.

"Girl and her father—bad business. One of her brothers helped an R.A.F. pilot. Germans shot him. They're holding the other brother as hostage. They burnt the farm to the ground."

John Gilchrist's face was set hard. "Sometimes I think if they invaded—if they laid hands on our countryside——"

"Don't bear thinking about, old boy. Well, this girl and her father—name of Delorme——" He paused. "Seems she didn't want to come away—had to be forced in her own interest. They got here three days ago. The old man is stunned but the girl is sullen." He stopped again, patently worried. "We have to do everything we can. They helped to save one of our chaps. Committee at Plymouth didn't know where to send them. I thought of you—big house—big garden—broad acres—and the good Mrs. Heatherley."

"I see."

For a long minute John Gilchrist was silent. Wildly, unreasonably he hated and resented the idea of strangers in his home. A sullen girl who would have to be

considered and a half-imbecile old man who would be his guest. Gone would be privacy and precious moments of relaxation. Foreigners walking up and down in the shadow of those other Gilchrists who had been so very insular, hunting, shooting, farming Gilchrists, rooted in the soil.

He turned back to his guest. "I'll expect them to-morrow. I could spare one of the land girls to go and fetch them. I'd go myself but I daren't waste a moment of this weather."

Next morning he broke the news to Mrs. Heatherley. He had expected disapproval; he found delight.

She beamed. "Worried me a lot it has. There's been you beating the U-boats, and Reece in the Home Guard, and even that Phyllis talking about munitions—didn't seem as if I were patriotic, sir, not having any war work. Now with a couple of foreigners to look after I shall feel I'm doing my bit." Her voice took on a note of anticipatory pleasure. "Expect they'll be terribly dirty, sir, poor, foreign things."

Reece also took a kindly condescending interest in the newcomers.

"We'll show them, sir. Old English hospitality like you could always find at Redaffon."

But all day long at work, John was oppressed by the thought of strangers in his home.

That evening he had a few conspiratorial words with Reece at the front door.

"They're in the library, sir. Mrs. Heatherley gave them their dinner, seeing as you're always so late these nights. Very quiet they are, sir. Bit upset, I expect."

John hesitated. He was in his working clothes. Would it be more courteous to go and change—the French were always rather formal—or would his welcome seem warmer if he went into them at once? They must be tired, anxious to go to bed. He opened the door softly.

THEY did not hear him. They had their backs to the door and were facing the open french windows. It was too dark to read indoors, but outside one could still see the great smooth lawn that the gardener, too old for any other work, kept religiously mown, and beyond that the huge cedars, old as the house itself.

Monsieur Delorme was sitting and John could only see two work-worn hands that clutched the arms of the chair and at the wrist a band of white and a line of old-fashioned black broad-cloth. The girl was standing slim, erect, strong. Her thick brown hair was caught in a heavy coil at the nape of her neck. She wore a shabby cotton frock and her bare arms were deeply tanned.

As John moved forward they became aware of his presence. The old man got up and the girl swung round with a movement swift as that of a trapped animal.

"I am so sorry that I was not here to meet you." He spoke slowly so that they could understand. "I hope you have everything you need."

The old man bowed his handsome head. "Monsieur," he said mechanically. His eyes were lifeless and bewildered. He glanced at his daughter for help.

"My father does not speak any English," she said, slowly, correctly, in a low, clear voice.

John turned his attention to the girl. He recoiled as he met her eyes. Haunted eyes, tragic, vengeful, despairing eyes, of a brown so dark as to be almost black, and shadowed now with suffering and exhaustion. Her face was a delicate oval and (*Continued on page* 65)

HE retraced his steps anxiously and found her at last kneeling where a pedigree calf was penned

On duty - and Off

How I hate the sight of any paper marked "Official—Paid"! Whenever one of these things appears on the hall table you may be sure that there is trouble ahead. The latest "*billet-doux*" of this kind tells us in heavy black type that "failure to comply with this regulation is an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment."

The right to create alarm and despondency seems to be reserved for borough councils, labour bureaux and income-tax collectors, and the only way for the civilian woman to deal with the horrible situations created is to try and play the game as advocated by the authorities, and when the game becomes too rough, to go out and treat herself to a shampoo and set, facial, manicure or pedicure, in order to try and get the sour expression off her face.

Even now there are still some pleasant things of life left. If you feel down in the mouth, go out and look for a Tattoo refill and take your old metal case with you. You can get these refills in ten different shades. There is still a little Max Factor make-up to be found if you know where to look for it; and they are doing wonderful things with Pancake powder block for faces which have been cut about in the "blitz." You can get facials and foot treatments at Arden, tonic baths at the Dorchester, and manicures at Peggy Sage.

by Jane Gordon

ON DUTY

THERE was a time when I had never heard of a button-stick and had no idea what the thing looked like. Nowadays it takes me less than seven minutes to polish tunic buttons, and approximately ten to shine those on a greatcoat. Come to think of it, I have done quite a lot of brass-polishing in my time. As a junior "pro," one of the many early-morning hospital jobs was the polishing of the brass knobs on the cots of the children's wards—forty-eight of them there were, and brass plaques at the back of each cot "In loving memory of."

Nowadays it is a button-stick, brass buttons, a soft cloth, a silver-brush, a chamois and Silvo. A large tin costs no more than a shilling, and the stuff is intended for polishing gold, silver, electro plate, aluminium, pewter, chromium and glass. Although it omits to mention brass, it shines this up with practically no effort until the brass glitters like diamonds.

Our house is divided among itself as to the merits of Silvo and Brasso for buttons. Edith, who looks after the Home Guard buttons, swears by Brasso. Nevertheless, the buttons which accompany me for a walk every Sunday shine just as well by Silvo.

Hospital polishing is dreary work compared with the fun of shoe-shining at home. Cherry Blossom boot polish has never been anything more than an advertisement to me; but now Sunday mornings entail shoe- and belt-shining, and I have learnt that this polish really does what the advertisements claim for it. Actually it does rather more, as the hands are left smelling like well-cared-for harness. But this can easily be remedied by a good scrub with a well-perfumed toilet soap. A smallish brush smeared with Cherry Blossom boot polish is rubbed over shoes and belt, leaving a dull surface, and with extraordinary little effort another brush makes the brown leather glimmer and glow. A soft rag makes it positively glitter.

The other day when on duty the senior "pro" remarked, "I am sick and tired of polishing," and I wondered whether the authorities really thought it made us better nurses to (*Continued on page* 63)

OFF DUTY

"THE only change I notice in women is their hair," remarked a man who can be trusted to notice most things about women.

"What about their hair?" I asked.

"It has grown dull and tatty." He added: "I walked all the way from Marble Arch to Piccadilly Circus yesterday, and there was not one woman who could have been proud of her hair in Oxford Street or Regent Street—anyhow, not while I was passing."

Since then I have kept my eyes open, and I must admit there is a great deal of truth in this criticism.

The best shampoos are scarce, and brightening rinses scarcer still. Even if you cannot get your favourite shampoo, you can wash your hair adequately in the meantime with a good soap. But whatever you do, never use an inferior substitute for a good brightening rinse. Only the best is good enough for your hair when it comes to changing the colour or brightening the tone. It is better for a blonde to let her hair get a few shades darker during the war if she cannot get her favourite stay-blonde rinse, and it is safer to let hair grow back to its normal colour rather than hurt the condition of hair and scalp by using a substitute tint.

Believe it or not, I have found a soap which will actually produce a shampoo lather even in London water. It is called Neko, and is a germicidal soap made by Parke Davis. What is more, this soap will give you a quick shampoo. Soak your hair well in the water before you even use the soap, then rub it well into your hair, give your scalp a thorough kneading with your finger-tips, rinse thoroughly, fill the basin with fresh water, and apply a second lather.

If you are using ordinary soap, two lathers are the secret of a successful shampoo, and, of course, plenty of rinsing water.

Neko contains mercuric iodide, which makes it particularly good in cases of dandruff; and this is one of the best shampoo soaps you can use for children.

To keep the hair in good condition, after the shampoo part-dry your hair and (*Continued on page* 63)

All Done

Most of us think of mirrors merely as something in which to see ourselves. In decoration they are just a convention. We hang them over the mantelpiece or wherever a mirror is convenient; we treat them casually, whereas, quite apart from their decorative uses — which are many — they have a psychological factor which no decorator can afford to overlook.

Long ago they discovered at the General Post Office that the simple expedient of putting a mirror glass in public telephone booths was sufficient to prevent people from writing on the walls and chipping off the woodwork while they waited. Lloyd George tells an amusing story of a time during the last Great War when the walls of the room in which he happened to be working (it had formerly been the reception room of a private house) were lavishly endowed with mirrors. The result of this admittedly enchanting form of decoration was, he claims, that in consultation with the leaders of the nation he was constantly aware that attention inclined to wander from the subject in hand. After some consideration of the phenomena he gave orders for the mirrors to be removed and from that moment was able to command the full attention of his guests.

All of which goes to show that the full value of the mirror as a psychological factor in the decoration of the home is not always sufficiently exploited.

Mirrors give a subtle impression of comfort. They can be used if necessary to distract attention from one point and concentrate it upon another.

You can, in fact, do a lot with mirrors to enhance existing colours, to improve lighting and in many other ways to give that subtle touch of balance or of character which makes one room more comfortable or more stimulating than another.

In a dim part of a room, a well-placed mirror will give a lighter aspect. In a narrow room it will give more breadth and in most rooms afflicted with minor troubles there is often a way of correcting them with mirrors.

Antique mirrors are treasures in any home. The great decorators of the past realised their beauty to the full. Exquisitely carved frames were wrought in mahogany and walnut by Sheraton and Adam. Round and oblong glasses delicately framed in gilt enriched the furnishing schemes of the past.

These mirrors are still to be had. The originals are costly, but there are reproductions and poor relations of the real thing beautiful enough in themselves to give character and charm to any section of wall that calls for uplift.

By using a charming mirror as the central point around which to group incidental furniture—perhaps a graceful table, a lamp and a picture or two—it is possible to give importance to the smallest recess in the remotest corner of a room.

Even the modern, unframed mirror can be decorative as well as useful. Square or oblong unframed mirrors can be hung in the centre of a wallpaper panel of the same shape but larger.

A novel treatment for a round, unframed mirror is to stencil a garland of flowers around the lower edge, carrying it up on each side of the mirror to the centre. This is effective over a mantelshelf or above a sideboard.

Mirror-facing for cupboard doors has a practical as well as a decorative use. In a very small room it gives the appearance of greater depth and spaciousness.

This method has been used with conspicuous success in one of the photographed rooms on the opposite page. This sitting-room is small and simply furnished in the modern style. Cupboards have been fitted to the recesses on each side of the fireplace and the doors faced with mirror glass. The effect is luxurious and the apparent size of the room is increased by half.

Before the war, softly-tinted mirror glass was beginning to be widely used for decorative purposes. For instance, pastel pink mirror glass facing the doors of a built-in wardrobe gave an exotic touch to a bedroom theme in which the walls were pale peach and the hangings deep peacock blue. The mirror glass was the only touch of luxury in the scheme.

A tiny hall or landing appears twice the size if a large mirror is hung at one end so that the hall is reflected in depth.

An old pier glass comes in well for this purpose. If the old framing is too ornate it can be taken off and substituted with a narrow painted wooden beading. Alternatively, the old framing can be stripped and repainted some colour to combine with the scheme.

A square pier glass hung in the small and rather box-like entrance hall of a small flat will give the appearance of a window if curtains are hung at each side of it and a pelmet fitted. The size of the glass must naturally be in scale with the proportions of the hall. In a small entrance too big a glass is overwhelming, but if proportions are well adjusted the effect is good. The sketches on these two

By Winifred Lewis

By Mirrors

pages show simple treatments for the kind of mirrors that are in every home. The first of them, on the left-hand page, illustrates a dressing-table draped with plain chintz to which a valance of figured chintz is added. On the wall behind the table is hung a plain bevelled mirror, and around it on three sides is a border of the figured chintz. This is fixed upon the wall and finished with a narrow painted wood beading all round. The whole fixture is simple and can easily be made at home.

The next sketch shows a deep window with a strip of mirror glass fitted on each side within the window recess to throw back more daylight into the room, which is badly lit. This is a practical measure for every dark room where the shape of the window permits. The same measure can be taken to reflect more light into a dark cupboard by fitting a mirror inside the door or at the back of the cupboard.

Our grandmothers were fond of draped mirrors, just as they were devoted to the draped mantelshelf. Sometimes these draperies were ponderous and dusty, but with certain modifications they are charming, particularly in the delicately feminine type of scheme.

The little swing mirror which we use so much nowadays, together with the tallboy chest in place of the conventional dressing-table, looks charming with a light-hearted drapery of wide-mesh net, as shown in the illustration. The edges of the net, which is in pastel blue, are finished with ball-fringe in puce. The velvet bow catching up the drapery at the top is also puce.

(1) The purely decorative use of mirror glass is shown in the bedhead, which is composed of sections of glass in a crazy-pavement effect within a framework of unpolished wood.

(2) A little draped dressing table with a chintz valance is backed by a simple unframed mirror partly edged with chintz and fixed upon the wall. A narrow wood beading painted to match the chintz gives a finish to raw edges.

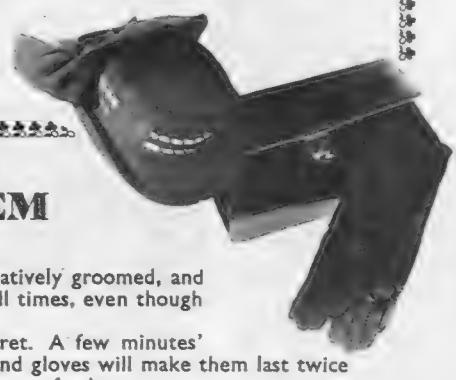
(3) For a dark room with a deep window, a sheet of mirror glass on each side secured to the wall throws back light into the room itself.

(4) Plain mirror glass to face cupboard doors is pretty to look at and gives greater depth and spaciousness in a small room. The cupboard is built into a fireplace recess.

(5) An antique table, backed with a long strip of mirror glass and two well-proportioned lamps make a dressing-table of great elegance.

(6) Draping a mirror is an old-fashioned idea, but charming still. The plain square of glass on the chest sketched is draped with a wide-mesh net in colour, edged with ball-fringe, and finished with a velvet bow.

(7) Strips of tinted mirror glass behind a wall fixture like the one illustrated enhance the appearance of the lighting fixture, and reflect light back into the room.



GROOM THEM

Keep your accessories superlatively groomed, and you will be well dressed at all times, even though you have no new clothes.

Regular attention is the secret. A few minutes' care every day for hat, bag and gloves will make them last twice as long and look three times as fresh.

Brush and steam felt hats before putting them away for the summer. Felts will be in short supply. Stuff the crowns and lay them in a hat-box so that brims and trimmings are neither crushed nor battered in any way.

Bring out last spring's and summer's hats. Remove jaded ribbons. Brush straws vigorously with a hard, dry nailbrush to remove dust. You can still buy hat dye if the colour is faded or you feel like a change.

If the brims have lost shape, hold them in the steam of a kettle until they are limp, then press the edge of the brim with a warm iron. Lay the hat carefully aside, crown downwards, to harden again.

Keep the hats you are wearing well groomed. Brush them regularly. Use a warm iron occasionally to freshen up ends of ribbon, steam flower sprays to remove dust and lay your hat away carefully in a box or cupboard when you are not wearing it. Half the damage to hats comes from tossing them casually into a cupboard among other things. Keep soiled linings fresh with Thawpit or some other cleansing agent.

Suede handbags need steaming occasionally to keep the nap upstanding. Don't wait for the surface to get shiny before treatment. Hold the bag in the steam of a boiling kettle and go over the surface with a rubber brush, using a rotary motion.

Polish calf and other leather bags with white shoe cream. This preserves the leather as well as polishes it. Always wipe your bag dry after it has been out in the rain. This prevents spotting.

Watch the inside lining for worn edges. Before they fray out, tack a very narrow ribbon along the edges to give greater protection to these vulnerable parts.

Empty your bag weekly. Don't bulk it with unessential things. Brush the lining and freshen with Thawpit.

Treat suede gloves regularly with a rubber brush. Turn kid gloves inside out and at the tips of the fingers lay on a very narrow strip cut from an old pair of gloves. Tack them very neatly in place with stitches taken along the seams. This reinforcement will save fingers from pushing through at the ends.

NEW CLOTHES FROM

Make no mistake about it, fifteen coupons less off your quota is quite a slice. Two courses are open to you. The first is to shrug your shoulders and say : " So what ? Even if I had the coupons and the money, the Government don't want me to spend unnecessary money, because they want me to save labour and material. Might as well give in and settle down to a skirt-and-sweater sort of existence—not really drab, but just not bothering."

That 's the easy way, and nobody is going to blame you for taking it. The trouble is that, once you start not bothering, you are inclined to slide. So that, pretty soon, grease spots on your coat lapel, turned-over heels and threadbare elbows don't bother you either. It is the same attitude of mind as that of the housewife who uses short rations as an excuse for monotonous and slovenly cooking. There is, as yet, no excuse for it.

The other course is to brace your shoulders and say: " True, I am helping my country when I don't buy unnecessary new clothes. But I am just being defeatist if I turn myself into a drab dowd. So, if it 's all the same to everyone, while I am still in civil life, I am going to take a lot of trouble to look as nice as possible under existing circumstances. This means spending quite a bit of my shortened spare time on upkeeping my existing clothes. I have to be ingenious and imaginative about any future buys. I 'll have to be ruthless about editing inessentials even if they have an uplift value, and sometimes I 'll have to cut out essentials. I 'll give the same care and attention to the job of altering old clothes as I once gave to selecting new ones. That is the course that, in these difficult days, is going to help me most, and, I hope, help those around me."

If you feel that way then, here is a bunch of change-over ideas for warm-weather and celebration clothes. You may be able to adapt some of them to your own requirements. If the amendments sound too professional, take them along—but quickly, for they are busy and short-handed—to those big stores which have this kind of service. You will find, too, that many formerly ritzy dressmakers are not too proud, these days, to turn their fine hands to alterations.

OLD DISCARDS

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

1. A plain dress and frock in grey woollen is given new heart with a trimming of plum and white spotted woollen. If you haven't this sort of stuff by you, it will take about three-eighths of a yard. The dress pocket is made from what is left after lopping off the coat sleeves to make them the new three-quarter length.

2. For this outfit you need an old summer print and the silk slip of an old evening dress for the bolero, sash and hem band. Cut away some of the skirt fullness, and you have plenty of material for the gloves.

3. This is a simpler job made out of a plain, not particularly interesting dark woollen frock, buttoning down front. Cut strips away from either side of the front, remove collar, join the front with bands and wear over a bright silk shirt-vest.

4. This little black frock has been seen around for over three years. Who is going to recognise it with the fullness gone from the skirt and turned into flouncy trimming ?

5. This elegant dinner outfit calls for two discards. An old decollete evening dress—most of us have one eating its head off in our wardrobe—and an outgrown bright woollen frock that has perhaps shrunk in cleaning, or lost its appeal. Well, the frock makes the sweater. Use it all, recklessly—it 's worth it. Cut the evening dress off at the waist, and make your skirt. Trim your sweater with fringe to match the skirt. I visualise a stunning combination in cyclamen and cornflower blue.

6. Most of us have had a print dress with a draped bodice, a corselet waist, and a full skirt. All its old friends would pass it by in the new guise of a slim skirt, and a cute little basque (made from the skirt's fullness).

7. A very full dirndl dress with a corselet waist comes out as fresh as paint with bishop sleeves (from what you cut away of the skirt) and coloured braiding trim.

8. The only excuse for tampering with a plain, long-sleeved, sleek black dinner-frock is that you are really bored with it. If and when that happens, cut off the top and shape the corsage. Fill in with bishop sleeves and a yoke of unrationed net or lace.

By HARRIET MUIR

GUESTS FOR

Entertaining is a tricky affair these days, yet not so tricky that we need forgo it entirely. Let's see what we can do for guests without sacrificing the week's meat ration or mortgaging the family's eggs for the rest of the year.

Pick your dinner menu out of the three groups in which the recipes are arranged. They take up few of your points. They make use of all the fresh young summer vegetables which are coming along. In these times, two courses should be enough.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE

MARINADE OF FISH

Left-over cooked fish.
4 spring onions.
Parsley, thyme, chervil.
1 bay leaf.
Vinegar, salt, pepper.

Cut up the fish and put in an hors-d'œuvre dish, adding salt and pepper. Chop the onions and herbs finely and scatter them over. Put in the bay leaf. Pour a little vinegar over the fish and leave in a cold place for an hour before serving.

VEGETABLE HORS-D'ŒUVRE

1 dish asparagus (sprue) tops, dressed with oil and vinegar.
1 dish sliced cucumber, soaked in salt, drained.
1 dish grated raw carrot and turnip (mixed).
1 dish shredded raw cabbage, dressed lemon substitute, a little sugar.
1 dish cooked haricot beans, dressed with oil and vinegar and decorated chopped parsley.

SOUP

MAYTIME SOUP

3 or 4 tablespoonfuls each of potato (cubed), broad beans and peas.
Outside leaves of lettuce or young cabbage (shredded).
1 cup carrots and turnips (cubed).
1 quart water (boiling).
1 tablespoonful sago.
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley.
Salt and pepper.

Put the vegetables, prepared as directed, in the pan and pour boiling water over. Add salt and pepper, and when boiling sprinkle in sago. Cook for about 30 minutes, until vegetables are soft, add chopped parsley and serve.

MAIN DISHES

SALMON LOAF

1 lb. canned salmon (or cooked white fish).
¼ lb. breadcrumbs.
1 egg or dried egg.
½ pint milk.
Anchovy essence or paste.
Pepper, salt and nutmeg.

Bone and flake the fish, stir in breadcrumbs and add anchovy, grate of nutmeg, pepper and salt. Beat up egg with the milk and stir all together. Now pour into a greased pudding-basin and tie down. Leave for about half an hour, then steam in boiling water (about 1 hour). Turn out, and serve either hot or cold with cucumber and lettuce.

SCALLOPS AU GRATIN

4 scallops.
1 breakfastcup milk and water.
1 to 2 oz. grated cheese.
½ oz. breadcrumbs.
½ oz. flour.
Salt and pepper.

Put scallops (cleaned and black parts removed) in the milk and water with salt and pepper, and cook gently for 12 minutes. Take out the scallops. Blend flour with a little cold milk and stir it into the liquor. Cook, stirring, for about 3 minutes and then add half the cheese. Add the scallops, and heat up.

Put scallops in shells with the sauce. Mix breadcrumbs with remaining cheese and sprinkle over. Brown under the grill.

FISH WITH CAPER SAUCE

1½ lb. fillets of plaice, sole or haddock.
1 gill milk and water.
1 teaspoonful margarine.
½ pint white sauce.
Little flour.
1 dessertspoonful capers.
Salt and pepper.

Dust fillets with flour, pepper and salt. Grease a casserole and arrange fillets, rolled tightly, standing upright in it. Add milk and water and margarine, and put on the lid. Cook for 20 minutes.

Make sauce, using ½ pint milk and water, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful margarine, and a pinch of salt. Bring to the boil, drain liquid from casserole into it and cook for 7 minutes, stirring. Put in capers. Pour sauce over fish and heat up the casserole again before serving.

MAIN DISHES

FISH CASSEROLE

1½ lb. rock salmon (or cod, whiting or haddock).
1 tablespoonful fat.
About 1 lb. vegetables (whatever is available—carrots with spinach, young cabbage, outside leaves of lettuce).
3 tablespoonfuls tomato sauce.
2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley.
Salt and pepper.

Wash and cut up the vegetables and put into a casserole dish. Add fat and about 1 breakfastcupful of water, put on the lid and cook gently until vegetables are soft (about 25 minutes). Now add the fish and tomato sauce and cook gently with the lid on until fish is ready (again about 25 minutes). Scatter chopped parsley over the fish before serving.

MANHATTAN SHELLS

Left-over rice pudding (about 4 tablespoonfuls).
3 dessertspoonfuls grated cheese.
¼ pint white sauce.
A little margarine.
1 dessertspoonful chopped raw onion, spring onion or shallot.
Scraps of lean, raw bacon.
Breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

It may seem odd to use sweet rice pudding for a savoury dish; but you 'll like it.

Turn on the grill and put under it 4 scallop shells with a little margarine in each. Fork up the rice pudding with the onion, a little salt and plenty of pepper, and set to heat in its own dish under the grill. Fill each scallop shell with warmed rice. Meanwhile, make the white sauce, adding grated cheese, and stir to a smooth cream. Pour over rice in scallop shells and put under the grill. Lightly fry bacon scraps and dice them. When mixture is well heated, sprinkle bacon over and add breadcrumbs. Put back under the grill to brown.

GARDENER'S VEGETABLE PLATE

Arrange on each individual hot plate little heaps of four different cooked vegetables. An unusual mixture would be young broad beans cooked in their pods like runner beans; nettle-tops cooked like spinach; cooked dandelion leaves; new carrots sprinkled with chopped parsley.

DINNER

MAIN DISHES

GARDEN HOT-POT

1 lb. potatoes.
½ lb. each broad beans and green peas (or ½ lb. broad beans).
1 dozen spring onions.
4 young carrots.
2 young turnips.
1 spring cabbage or small cauliflower (or ½ lb. sprouting broccoli).
1 oz. margarine or other fat.
1 tablespoonful flour.
Salt and pepper.

Peel and cut up potatoes, or just scrub them if they are new ones. Shell peas and beans. Scrape turnips and carrots. Cut up onions. Shred cabbage, or divide cauliflower into sprigs.

Melt fat in saucepan and fry onion in it without browning. Scatter in flour and mix. Add vegetables and about 1 cupful water. Simmer for about an hour until all are tender. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

SAVOURY SPINACH

1 lb. spinach.
½ lb. wheatmeal breadcrumbs.
½ lb. mashed potatoes.
1 gill milk.
1 egg or dried egg.
1 oz. margarine.
Salt and pepper.
Fried bread or toast.

Boil spinach without water (15 to 20 minutes) and rub through sieve. Meanwhile, have crumbs soaking in milk for 15 minutes and mix with spinach. Add potatoes and margarine. Separate yolk from white of egg, beat yolk and stir in. Whip white stiffly and add that too. Stir in and season with salt and pepper. Put in a greased basin and steam for 1½ hours. Serve with fried bread or toast.

SPAM SALAD

½ lb. Spam or other American lunch meal.
4 potatoes.
1 cos lettuce.
4 chopped spring onions.
Chopped chervil or parsley.

Dice Spam in small cubes. Also dice the potatoes. Put meat, potatoes and onions in a bowl and leave to marinade for an hour in an oil-and-vinegar dressing.

When ready to serve, arrange the lettuce leaves in the salad bowl, and heap the marinaded mixture in the centre. Scatter the chopped chervil over.

SWEET OR SAVOURY

BAKED GOOSEBERRY PUDDING

1 lb. green gooseberries.
1 teaspoonful (level) bicarbonate of soda.
6 ozs. flour.
3 ozs. margarine.
3 ozs. sugar.
Egg substitute equivalent to 1 egg.
Little milk.

Top and tail gooseberries and put in a piedish with the bicarbonate, and half the sugar. Cream the margarine with rest of sugar. Add egg substitute to flour and mix smoothly with a little milk. Blend with the margarine and pour over the gooseberries. Bake 45-50 minutes in a moderate oven till brown.

RHUBARB SHAPE

5 sticks young rhubarb.
1 pint water.
Lemon substitute.
2 ozs. cornflour.
½ teaspoonful (level) bicarbonate of soda.
2 tablespoonfuls sugar.
Small piece of bread.

Cut up rhubarb and stew in water with bread (bread lessens acidity). Add bicarbonate, stirring in slowly to avoid frothing, after cooking. Rub through a sieve, return to pan and add sugar and lemon substitute. Blend cornflour with a little cold water, and add. Boil 5 minutes, stirring well. Turn into a wetted mould, and turn out when set.

CHEESE BAKE

2 slices stale bread (cut in strips).
Little milk.
4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese.
Pepper, salt, fat.

Soak bread fingers in milk, and drain. Roll in the grated cheese. Season. Press the cheese on to the bread. Grease a baking-tin and put the fingers in it. Bake in a hot oven, turning so that they get brown on both sides.

CUCUMBER SAVOURY

1 cucumber.
Parsley.
2 tablespoonfuls top milk.
Nut of margarine.
Little flour.
Pepper and salt.
Pieces of fried bread.

Peel cucumber and cut into short chunks. Cook until soft. Drain, and mash with margarine and milk, adding pepper and a little flour. Cook quickly for a few minutes. Put on the hot fried bread, and scatter parsley over.

Your Store Cupboard

Your emergency cupboard may legally contain a month's food supply. So keep it stored well and with discrimination, eating the more perishable foods from time to time, replenishing as you invade.

Save a few tins of " points " fish and meat for the cupboard. Try not to eat them all as you buy them, especially in the months to come, when fruit, vegetables and salads will be in greater supply and warm weather doesn't call for such solid eating.

Store a few tins of soups, a jar of meat or vegetable extract, cereals, the pulse foods—peas, beans, lentils. Rice has distinct food value; so has macaroni. This is sometimes difficult to get, so make your own this way. Stir flour and water or milk into a stiff paste, roll out thinly, cut into strips and dry off in a cool oven or plate-rack. When hard, cool and put into an airtight tin.

Oatmeal is useful, not only for porridge, but for many other nourishing dishes. Flour, of course, is an essential; so are tins of milk and a few sealed bottles of cold boiled water.

If possible, save a little tea and sugar from the weekly ration. Ground coffee keeps well in airtight tins. Tins of oatcakes and crispbreads store well; so do wheaten or oatmeal biscuits, either bought or home-made.

See that your store cupboard is dry and airy. Keep all the tins airtight by sealing the lid with adhesive tape. Write the date on all purchases; use them in rotation.

Bottle or pulp fruit when you get the chance. Pickle herrings and dry fruit and vegetables as they ripen. (This magazine will give full instructions for bottling and drying when the season starts.)

Cultivate a window-box or flower-pot kitchen garden. Parsley, mint, sage, lettuce, cress, and even little silver-skinned onions, will grow there successfully

Mouth Service

When two feminine lips can present all the essential charm and appeal of womanhood, it seems a shame that so many women treat their mouths as a cinderella feature.

Your mouth should be as beautiful as it is possible to make it. This only means a few minutes a day, perhaps one minute, divided between a simple exercise and lip and mouth massage. Apply a little skin-food to the lips, and then with skin-food on the first finger and thumb of the right hand, start under the middle of the bottom lip and massage upwards, encircling the mouth and finishing above the centre of the top lip. Do not go downwards ever.

This massage should keep away that depressing downward line that comes at the corners of so many mouths, and gradually indents itself beyond all hope of removal. Purse your lips as far forward as possible, as if whistling, and then stretch the mouth straight in a wide grin.

Lines are also formed by a bad habitual expression. Look at your face sometimes when you have been sitting for half an hour travelling, reading, or sewing. A firm expression is fine, but don't let firmness be exaggerated into set sourness; keep your lips and mouth expression flexible and young. Other mouth-ruining habits are lip-biting, cheek-chewing, tooth-tonguing and teeth-clenching. The older you get the more essential it is that you avoid all such habits.

Once you have decided to give your lips the care they deserve, you must look to the host of dangers and pitfalls that lie behind those lips.

Your teeth must be cleaned regularly, and—a not so common habit—the gums massaged gently with common salt. Once a fortnight paint your gums with iodine. Use a good paste or powder for your teeth after two meals a day—and once a day use a mixture of equal parts of common salt and bicarbonate of soda.

If you can get dental floss, use it to clean out the between-teeth spaces at night before the final brushing of the day. Avoid all improvised tooth-picks. Not only can they ruin enamel, but they can cause septic gums. Even if your teeth are giving you no trouble, you should visit your dentist regularly once or twice a year, to have all tartar removed from the back of your teeth.

Gingivitis, or inflammation of the gums, should be immediately treated with massage of the gums with Forhan's (special formula) or painting of the gums with a mild antiseptic (a solution of iodine), and regular mouthwashes of 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a pint of warm water.

Pyorrhœa is caused by a septic condition at the roots of the teeth, the gums bleed easily, and, in very bad cases, pus comes from the tooth sockets. If the condition is not caught in time, the teeth may have to be removed, but it is possible to stop the condition by having regular mouthwashes of peroxide, and painting the gums with ipecacuanha wine to harden them. In addition, gums should be massaged regularly each day, and brushed with the teeth to stimulate the circulation of the gums.

A more localised, but none the less painful gum trouble is the old gumboil, an abscess at the root of a decayed tooth. It is better to have this opened by your dentist or doctor and the pus removed—and then have the tooth attended to immediately your mouth is in a fit condition, because the unconscious swallowing of the discharge can be very bad for you if the boil bursts naturally.

Hot mouthwashes of bicarbonate of soda and water are soothing, and hot fomentations applied to the outside of the cheek are relieving. Paint the boil with iodine.

Inflammation of the mouth may be due to bad teeth, badly fitting dentures, too much smoking, pyorrhœa. Search for the cause and remedy it, but to give ease to the discomfort meanwhile, use the bicarbonate of soda mouthwash and, in more serious cases, a solution of one to three parts of peroxide of hydrogen and warm water.

Children can be given formamint tablets to suck—one every three hours. Another refreshing mouthwash is Glyco Thymoline.

Although few people relish the idea, an excellent mouth-health habit is to brush the tongue with a very soft tooth-brush and bicarb at least once every forty-eight hours.

Bad breath can be due to stomach disorders, bad teeth, nose or throat conditions, septic tonsils, etc. If your teeth are in order, look to your stomach, cleanse it out thoroughly with aperients, six glasses of water a day between meals, and, if you find it helpful, milk of magnesia. Gargle with Listerine to remove any throat mucus.

LEG SHOW

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

At last you are having to stand on your own legs without any of the delicate camouflage of silk stockings to help make the legs look slender. Of course there are many women who still have small stocks of pre-war stockings.

There are many women who still wear high-heeled shoes cut to lengthen the line of leg and slim the ankles. But they are outnumbered by the women who have to wear lisle, rayon, and service hose, service or practical flat-heeled shoes; and the home-front housewives who wear no stockings and the sandals or flat-heeled shoes that are suitable to wear without stockings.

So now is the time, if you are at all leg conscious, to look to the beauty of your legs.

Lisle, rayon and service stockings necessitate slim legs if the uniform or whole effect is to be at all smart. And the grim part of it all is that legs are the most difficult part of the body to slim generally. Some women have fat legs that need exercise, others have muscular legs that need relaxation and an entirely different set of exercises and treatment. Some legs are ruined by the bone formation, and no amount of exercise or massage can assist them, once they are maturely set.

If you are anywhere within the vicinity or visiting distance of London, we suggest that you visit Zena Daysh at the "May Fair," and get her expert advice on what type of treatment your particular legs will need. She gives massage and exercise treatments, and if you are one of the lucky ones that an exercise routine will help, you can be taught a routine at the salon that you can continue later on your own. In this way you will get the particular routines that should suit your individual requirements. But if such a visit is impossible the safest self-treatment to try is massage.

There are still some slimming creams that you may be able to get for ankle massage, Jane Seymour's for instance. Soak your feet and ankles in hot water to which has been added a half a cup of Epsom-salt, if obtainable, if not the hot water alone will do. After a few minutes soaking dry the feet and ankles and then with very firm fingers work the slimming cream into your ankles, kneading and remoulding any unwanted bulges. Always work upwards from beneath the ankle bones to above the ankle, and, while doing your ankles carry the treatment to the flesh that is frequently prominent just above the top of the heel.

The best treatment for most legs is a continuation of the ankle massage up the leg. Soak the legs in hot water, and after drying, massage them with any slimming cream obtainable. Grasp one ankle firmly between both hands and keeping a firm pressure on the leg draw the hands upwards towards the knee. Always, as with ankles, massage upwards towards the heart.

If you cannot get a cream you may like to try the Helena Rubinstein Reducing Soap (price 6s. 9d., one point per tablet), which can be used on the ankles and legs before drying and during or just after the bath. If you cannot get this either, or cannot spare the points, you will have to resort to talcum powder to keep the massage friction from making the actual skin of the leg tender.

There are one or two exercises which can be tried, especially if you are sure that whatever muscles in your legs you use are ones not over-developed already. For ankles sit on a table and swing your legs backwards and forwards, making certain that you point your toes as they swing forward. Having done this for a few minutes, let the left leg hang loosely. Extend the right leg and describe a circle with the toes, so that a rotary movement works the ankle. Change feet and repeat this exercise!

For the calves and legs there are two old but well-tried movements: cycling on your back; lying on the back and raising the legs alternately so that they point like a candle to the ceiling. From this last position—supporting the raised hips off the ground with hands on hips and elbows on the ground—drop the left leg until the toe touches the ground behind your head, raise it to candle-stick position and drop the right leg. Repeat alternating legs.

Having slimmed the legs for service and wartime stockings, your task may be finished. If, however, you are going to try and save coupons by wearing no stockings for the summer months, you will still have the trouble of knees that look like the housemaid's, through lack of attention, and hairs—perhaps even gooseflesh.

There is still obtainable a little wax for removing superfluous hair, and if you are prepared to pay 39s. 6d. for the Dermal Research Home Treatment for superfluous hair you can remove your hairs with a balsam (purified wax) and then follow this with a treatment for the returning growth, using anti-hair lotions and powders. There are other less expensive waxes, and in these save-all days you can get the habit of re-using the wax.

If you cannot get wax you must not, in sheer desperation, shave your legs, because this is fatal. It will definitely (Continued on page 63)

So You're A Rabbit At Knitting ?

WELL HERE ARE TWO REALLY EASY ONES

MATERIALS

6 oz. Dunbar and Nairn's 3-ply Glamiswear ; No. 9 and 11 needles ; 5 buttons ; 2 yards of rick-rack braid.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 19 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib, working into the backs of all the k. sts. and into fronts of p. sts. as usual, for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after, until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are decreased to 104 sts. Now work on 52 sts. only, until armhole is 6 ins. round curve. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 80 sts. Work the rib for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for 2 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten. Sew braid as in illustration.

LARGER SIZES

36-in. bust.—Use needles as 34 size and cast on 114 sts. for back instead of 104. Inc. to 146

(Continued on page 61)

MATERIALS

6 oz. Lister's Lavenda rust, 3-ply ; 2 oz. of the same in light blue ; No. 9 needles ; 12 button moulds (1 in.).

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION. 8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 sts. in rust. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT (two side panels alike)

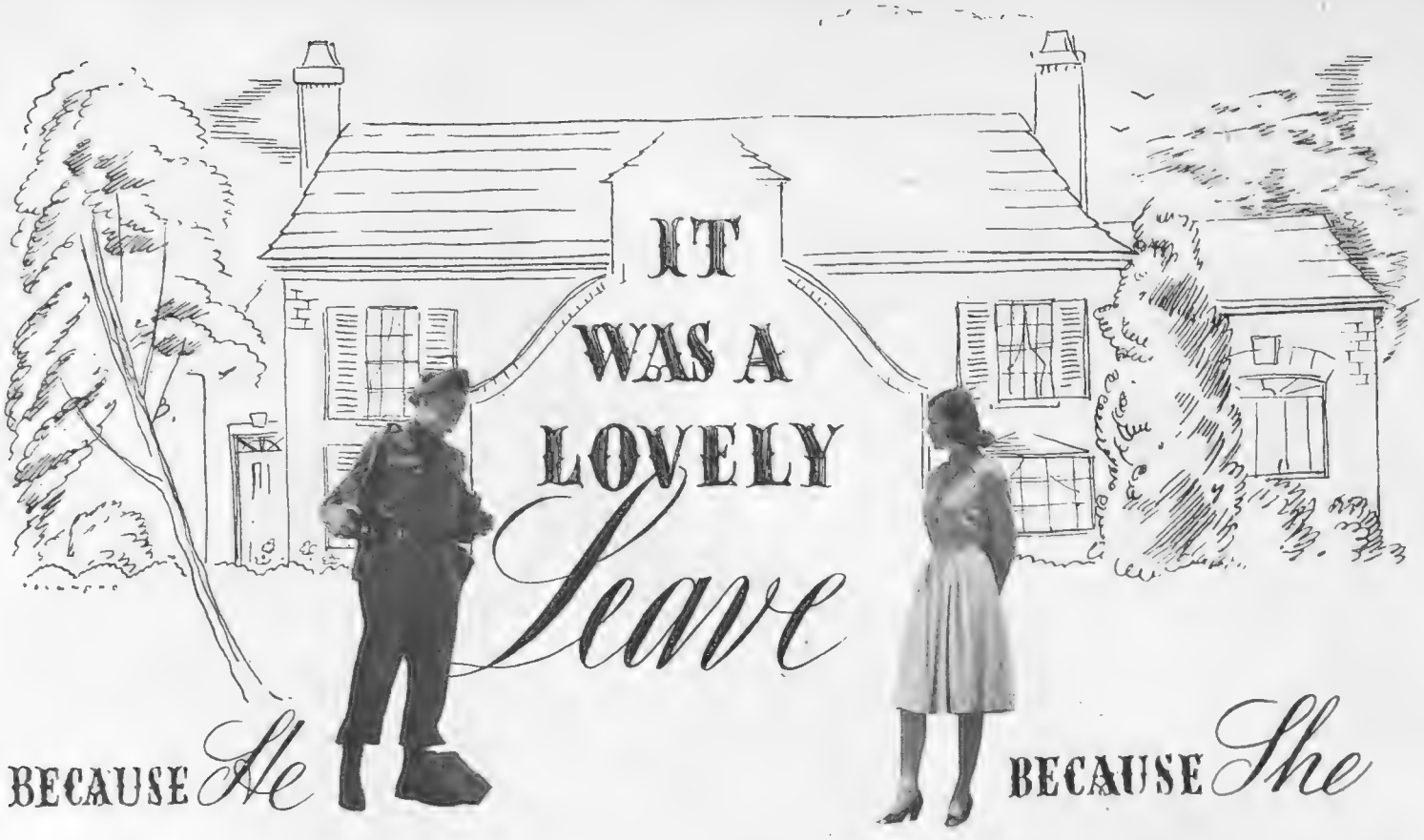
Cast on 24 sts. in rust. Work 4 ins. k. 2, p. 2 rib. M. 1 st. at one edge of work on next and every 4th row until there are 40 sts. Work straight until there are 14 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge of work on every row 16 times, leaving 24 sts. Cast off 7 sts. at shaped edge on every other row 3 times. Cast off remaining 3 sts.

THE CENTRE FRONT PANELS (left)

Cast on 3 sts. in rust, and 23 in (Continued on page 61)

ABBREVIATIONS: K. knit; p. purl; M. make; s. slip ; st. stitch or stitches ; tog. together; beg. beginning.

No wonder she's smiling! Sun's shining and she's wearing Harella's perfect coat for town. Soft bouclé, cut with Harella's inspired sense of drape and line, with dashing dolman sleeves, triplet buttoning and gallant pockets. Look before you leap! See the Harella collection of coats and suits (not forgetting the astonishing utilities!) Found in all the best-known stores. In case of difficulty write to the new Harella showrooms, 243, Regent Street, London, W.1.



IT WAS A LOVELY *Leave*

BECAUSE *He*

Arrived with the looks and the greetings of a man who has got back to the one place and the one person that really matters and stayed that way until the end.

Ate everything she put before him as though it were Ambrosial fare, even those rather shady sausages.

Brought her an early cup of tea without prompting and found all the ingredients without a single shout from the kitchen.

Got all the grumbles about Service life off his chest without harping on them and managed to convey the impression that he was happy, though missing her.

Talked very little about the progress of the war, being more concerned with getting on with it.

Was candidly informative about female Service colleagues and casually reassuring on the score of their fatal attractions.

Rang up her mother to convey a greeting without a word from her.

Spent several precious hours of his leave doing repair jobs around the house the want of which had been driving her mad. More especially, did it efficiently and without moaning.

Scattered his possessions around the house as maddeningly as ever, so that there could be no possible mistake that he was home.

Left her with the most gracious thanks for a lovely leave—just as though they had not been ten years married—and the conviction that separation can give a fine point to love.

BECAUSE *She*

Had everything waiting just as it used to be. Even his old grey flannels and the gramophone records they used to like best.

Somehow got through the chores without mentioning it and never refused to go out because there "was too much to do."

Took particular care that everything should be fastidiously served, especially the food. As unlike the army as possible.

Didn't once force a ready-made plan upon him but understood his yearning to be free, for a while, of compulsion in everything.

Talked freely of her great need of his return but never whined about her "loneliness."

Refrained from asking him to do the odd repair jobs around the house, but showed the most gratifying appreciation when he offered to do them.

Remembered all the titbits of news about his old friends and old haunts that he is out of touch with and proposed without prompting his spending one evening of his leave with "the boys," or what remains of them.

Nagged him just a little but good humouredly, about his untidiness, just to give an authentic touch to things.

Cooked divinely and only mentioned rationing to say that "It wasn't so bad if you used your head."

Parted from him with a cheery grin and a look that said that Life would begin again on his next leave.

Soap Savers

Be careful about storing soap. A damp cupboard keeps it moist and moist soap doesn't last long. Choose the driest spot in the house for storage of unused soap and remember that the longer you can keep it before use the farther it will go when you start.

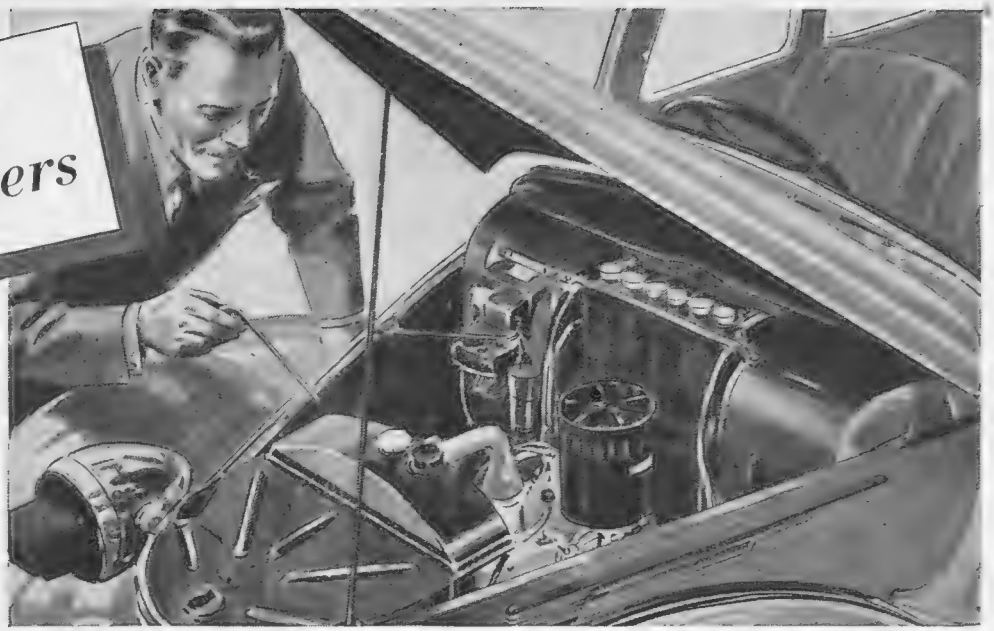
If the water is hard in your district make a habit of using ammonia in the water. Use it when you wash up, when you wash clothes and even when you bath yourself (not on your face, though). It softens the water, helps to loosen dirt and makes the soap go much farther.

For scrubbing try this mixture instead of soap. Save up your small ends of soap and grate them on an old suet grater into shreds. Mix these with about an equal quantity of fuller's earth and the same amount of common soda. Cover with water and boil thoroughly. Turn into an old jar and use with hot water for scrubbing.

Whitewood tables, chairs, draining-boards and other bleached surfaces should be washed with very hot soda water to remove grease. Afterwards mix a teacupful of Parazone (the liquid bleaching agent which you can buy at any hardware store) with four teaspoonfuls of cold water. Swab the surface with the solution and leave it to dry on.

To clean paint a dash of turpentine in hot water is good but turpentine is hard to get now. If you are out of it use Gumption, a cleaning preparation which is particularly good for paint as well as other things. Mix it with warm water to make a lather. Obtainable at most grocers.

From AUSTINS to AUSTIN owners



WHEN YOU CHECK THE OIL LEVEL . . . The dipstick has a tale to tell. Austin cars of pre-war vintage with thousands of miles already to their credit and more piling up on war work are still proving easy on the oil. That, of course, means pistons and cylinders are standing up staunchly to hard wear. Austin materials and workmanship will serve you in good stead in these testing times—particularly if you read your handbook now and again and follow it carefully on maintenance. The Austin Magazine too will give you many useful hints.

Aren't you GLAD you invested in an AUSTIN

Read the Austin Magazine—4d monthly from your newsagent

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Stand easy!

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GAS COOKERS

are proving themselves to have been a wise choice

Biscuits & Bandages

McVITIE & PRICE gladly use this space to encourage the support of the public towards the invaluable services being rendered by the "Red Cross and St. John" to our fighting men all over the world.

The "Red Cross and St. John" is urgently appealing for men and women willing to assist in collecting already promised—and new—contributions to the PENNY-A-WEEK FUND in their own localities.

There are eight million regular subscribers to this Fund but that number must at least be doubled to keep pace with the ever-increasing need.

Will those willing to assist please send their names and addresses to the Secretary of the

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Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

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KEEP THE BRAKE

Life now has no room for half-measures. Either you travel with the brake off, giving all you've got, or you stop dead, brake full on, conserving strength, preparing your next all-out drive. This must be the way of life for every one, with no exceptions, if the war is to be won

Expenditure Perhaps you are economising. Are you economising enough? There are signs everywhere that individual effort to curtail spending is not total. Around the shops there are still women, thousands of them, clamouring for clothes, furbelows, anything that's going. It looks as though smartness and stocking up are still more important than victory.

Don't fritter money on good times now. Put it into National Savings for good times later. This sounds as if you have to be some kind of saint. Well, you have.

House Wastage Most women are now pretty good at salvaging, but many homes still have a margin for improvement. What about food refuse? If you live in a town and don't keep chickens, save your pieces for somebody who does. Take them to the nearest Pig Food Bin. Any of your neighbours who keep chickens will be glad to collect them from you.

Send paper bags back to the tradesmen. Don't be too lavish with bread because it is not rationed. Use your cleaning materials sparingly and show your powers of invention by devising ways to do without them completely.

Selfishness If personal selfishness could somehow be banished we could win this war, standing on our hands. Obstruction to a total war effort in a big way comes from the myriad examples of petty selfishness. Stop your own impulses to be selfish even in the smallest things.

At this grim stage of the war the human impulse which we all feel is to get into the best situation possible to share the best of what is going when it is over. Thousands of people are sabotaging the war effort to-day by thinking and planning for victory without doing enough to assure that it will come.

Obviously this is putting the wagon before the horse. Nobody will be in a position to enjoy anything unless they are prepared to sacrifice now.

Careless Talk This goes farther, much farther, than giving away military secrets. Irresponsible talk is one of the scourges of the war.

Criticism is fine, but criticism for its own sake is contemptible. Yet the habit grows like fungus. Check facts before you talk. If you can't check facts don't talk, because sound conclusions can only be drawn when you are in full possession of these.

We have learned to despise fatuous optimism, let us equally distrust Irresponsible Opinion. The balance lies between Faith and Realism.

Keep your fears and share your hopes.

TAKE THE BRAKE

Consideration It is natural to regard the war in the light of its probable effects upon you personally, but this is not an attitude conducive to good war effort. Cultivate the habit of thinking and working, even in your daily home life, for the interests of the community.

Co-operation is the key to the New World we are trying to fashion.

Personal Effort Don't believe that you, personally, are too puny and too unimportant to be of any real consequence in the war effort. Never mind if you are not clever, never mind if you are not physically brave or even specially free to give assistance to the cause. There is something for everybody to do. Willingness is as important as ability, because it spreads a spirit which is contagious.

Self Analysis It is a great temptation in times like these to go around picking on other people's faults, thereby distracting attention from our own.

Before you begin to criticise others, turn the spotlight on your own conduct. Don't slam people for wasting petrol unless you are guiltless yourself in this regard. Don't rant about Black Markets unless you are certain you have done nothing to support them. Even if you are sure that you are a paragon of virtue, keep criticism to yourself.

Understanding If there is to be a better understanding between the peoples of the earth, each of us must take part in making it so. To be qualified for this means intelligent understanding of what goes on.

Discard the notion that you are not clever enough to be educated about world affairs. Read, talk with people who are informed, and never retreat from intelligent contacts. They are not boring, but fascinating. World affairs cannot do without you. You are not a single small voice, but a part of one great voice with power to penetrate to the farthest corners of the earth—the voice of public opinion.

Hospitality Exercise it. Not the kind which is planned expressly to give pleasure to yourself or to enhance your social prestige, but the kind which gives comfort and encouragement to exiled soldiers, to war workers separated from their homes and loved ones, to foreigners who have suffered and endured the things that may yet come to us.

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Every woman knows

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AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET

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THREE MOTHERS

You might be the most capable, the most philosophical or the most common-sense person in the world about most things, but in connection with your own child you discover weaknesses and strengths you never dreamed of. Mothers generally fall into these three categories. Do you see yourself in any of them ?

Worrying Mother. She has the makings of a good mother because she is devoted and always on the job. If she were a little less devoted, and a little less on the job she might be a bigger success.

With this type, motherhood is an obsession. You would think that no child had ever weathered the storms of growth before to see the way she worries and tortures herself with baseless anticipations of disaster.

The child of the worrying mother is not happy, in spite of the ceaseless attention and devotion he enjoys. Her fears, often expressed in the child's presence, are communicated to him, although he may not understand their import. He thus grows timid and temperamental.

As for his mother, she is perpetually anxious in case he should catch some infectious complaint. He may not go out of her sight because nobody, in her estimation, can take care of him so adequately as she. He is cut off from adventure and from contacts of all kinds because she must chain him to her side.

She would hate you to tell her so but her love is, in fact, extremely selfish. She is so absorbed in the happiness and gratification that her motherhood gives to her that the happiness and progress of the child is overlooked. She is not inclined to be self analytical and is quite unaware of this state of affairs.

Instinctively the child senses his complete dominance over his mother. He uses it for all he is worth. This is only human. The result is a spoiled and petulant child. The mere threat of a cold or temperature sends her flying for aid, coddling and petting him, torturing herself with fears of his imminent death.

Motherhood may be an absorbing business to this mother, but it is never carefree. The most serious things in life have their gayer side, and motherhood has it in plenty for the light of heart.

Boring Mother. She is a slight variation of the worrying mother. She too has turned motherhood into an obsession. She can think of nothing and talk of nothing but her child.

If you go to her house you are keenly aware of the secondary importance of visitors in this establishment where baby worship is the order. Should you feel like a cosy, woman's chat you are obliged to endure the interruptions of your hostess's adored offspring.

You may be a great childlover yourself, but there can be too much of this. As like as not, the little dear is so used to monopolising all the attention going that he resents the slightest deviation of interest from himself and is encouraged by his fond mother in this objective.

Should you mention the war, the mother will adroitly approach the subject from the only aspect which interests her. Its possible effects upon her child. Should you try to enlist her interest in your new spring outfit she will listen with only half an ear, waiting impatiently for the chance to tell you that new clothes are out of the question for her because little Jimmie needs this and that. Here follows a detailed explanation of the kind of wear that Jimmie inflicts upon his shoes, his coats, his socks and so on *ad infinitum*.

In her blind infatuation she can see only intelligence in his most mischievous and precocious adventure. Her worst failing is that which prompts her frequently to appeal to you for an opinion. "I suppose Johnny is rather naughty, but don't you think it awfully unwise to suppress a child's natural high spirits?" If you agree with her she continues placidly upon her wilful path. If you disagree with her she doesn't listen.

This very affectionate mother is a bore to her friends and acquaintances, later on she will be an exceeding bore to her child, in the meantime her obsession is probably straining the tolerance of her husband and forcing him to the unflattering realisation that his child is of more consequence in her scheme of things than he.

Philosophical Mother. She has her faults. There is no really lovable human being without them, but she has also a well-balanced philosophy which makes her almost the perfect mother.

Her adoration of her child is never in question, but her sense of humour tells her that he is just one of millions.

She realises that love can be overdone. That is when love is the selfish emotion that motherlove so often is. She hopes to see her child a free spirit, secure in the knowledge of her love and protection, but free to move and think and act independently when dawning faculties begin to function.

She does not anticipate disaster, either social or physical. She puts her confidence in common-sense measures of protection and a reasonably beneficent fate.

She has never been guilty of a moment's careless neglect of her charge, but she recognises the danger to both sides of too much dependence. She observes the benefits to be enjoyed by short, judicial separations.

She will certainly exercise more influence upon her child now and in after life than either of the other women described. Her capability lies in her common sense and her success in the unselfish character of her love.

Make your Spring pièce-de-résistance a Wolsey shirtmaker jersey suit, base it on skin-slim Brevets and clothe your legs in long-enduring Klirsheers. All war-scarce, so buy at sight!

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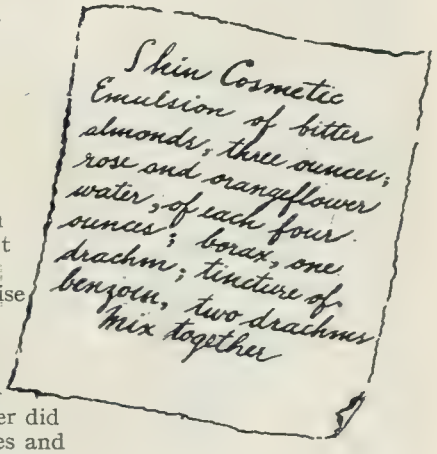
They Did Without

When you get tired of wondering how we are going to manage in this austere life that the new phase of the war is bringing to us, there is a new line of thought which will give you comfort and may even give you ideas.

Just ask yourself how people got along in the days before those amenities were even thought of which we twentieth-century people have accepted so casually. Don't believe that old cliché about there being nothing new under the sun. Practically everything is new if you begin to examine the life we are used to in comparison with, say, the life that our grandmothers enjoyed. They did without and gave no thought to the matter.


Skin Cosmetic
Emulsion of bitter almonds, three ounces; rose and orangeflower water, of each four ounces; borax, one drachm; tincture of benzoin, two drachms
Mix together

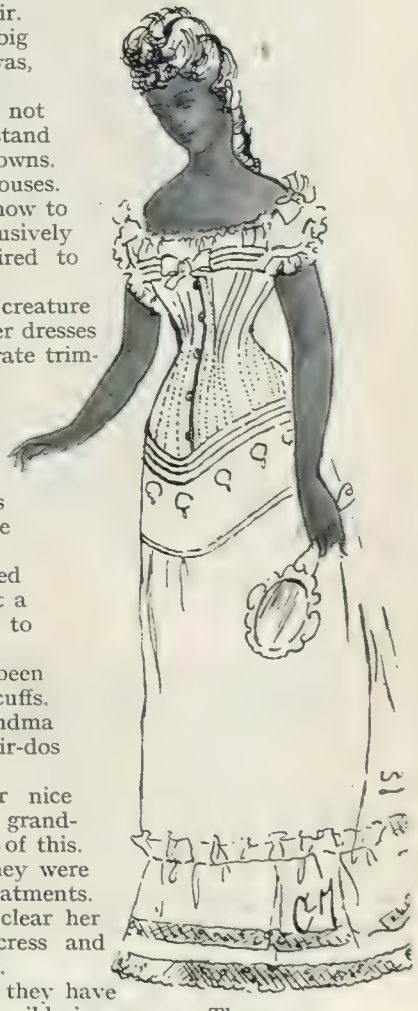
What have we got that they didn't have? Take food. Did you ever realise what a revolution was wrought upon the English diet when refrigeration came in? This country was far more largely self-supporting before the now universal ice-box made it possible to bring meat from the Argentine, from Australia and New Zealand. There was no shortage of meat on the tables of the well-to-do in our grandmothers' day, but the poorer people seldom had it. Neither did they often have tea. Who could at five and six shillings a pound? Oranges and lemons may have been seen in the big towns, but in the country they were far from common place. Transport was a very sluggish affair, remember. The first public railway in the world was opened in this country in 1825. That is only one hundred and seventeen years ago, and it took many years to develop transport into anything like we know to-day. So distribution of food around Great Britain, quite apart from its importation from abroad, was a cumbersome and protracted affair.

That's why your grandmother baked her own bread, unless she lived in a big town. She made her own jams and preserves, smoked her own hams and was, generally, a very accomplished housewife. She had to be.

There were no tinned foods. Even as recently as the last war tinning was not generally looked upon as safe. There was no dining out in the way we understand it, except for the rich. They dined in the more expensive hotels in the towns. Travellers fed at a tavern. The rest fed at home and in each other's houses.

Your grandmother was supposed to be a delicate creature, but she knew how to walk. If she was lucky she had a carriage, but England was not exclusively populated with rich people. On the contrary, comparatively few aspired to carriages of their own. The rest walked.

If you think of your grandmother at all you probably think of her as a creature of frills and furbelows, elegantly impractical in regard to clothes. Well, her dresses were frivolous according to present standards, but in spite of their elaborate trimmings, she had only a small fraction of the things to choose from that you have.



It was artifical silk, an innovation which has come to us since the last war, that put silk dresses and underclothes on the map for the average woman. Before that her clothes and her underclothes were of cotton or wool. However strongly you may feel about the qualities of these as an aid to sex appeal, your grandmother was no wash-out when it came to getting her man.

Chemical dyeing is a modern science. Textile printing has developed in jumps in the last twenty years, which only goes to prove that a few materials and a few colours were all our grandmothers had to make a wardrobe from.

For everyday wear there was "a dark stuff gown." It may have been glamourised with braiding, it probably had delicate collars and cuffs. There was a "muslin" for Sundays or a ball gown of silk. Grandma dressed her own hair always, and that in spite of the fact that hair-dos were frequently far from simple.

Cosmetics? Well, they hardly existed. Anyway, not for nice women. We shall probably never know for sure whether our grandmothers were more or less beautiful than ourselves on account of this. Probably less beautiful, they grew middle-aged sooner, but they were certainly more knowledgeable about simple, homely, beauty treatments.

In the Spring your grandmother drank dandelion tea to clear her complexion. She improved her skin with crushed watercress and whitened her hands with the prepared juice of a cucumber.

Things didn't fall into her lap in quite the same way as they have fallen into ours in these last few hectic, pampered and bewildering years. They are not falling so fast again now. They may stop altogether. But our grandmothers did without, and so can we.

Hands

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Leisure

Leisure is in short supply. For most of us it has become a rare commodity. There are three phases with things in short supply. The first, before they start disappearing, when we value them not a jot. Then they become scarce and we desire them above all things. Finally, they slip out of our minds as well as the shops. Will this happen with leisure?

Certainly there was the first phase when we took leisure for granted; and certainly we are in the second now, moaning for it. Will there be the third phase, shall we learn to live without leisure and like it? I hope not. The right to our own leisure is one of the things for which we are fighting this war. Let us not be out of practice.

Trove

You in the Services, freedom surrendered—perhaps you are finding your mind is more free than before. With your days ordered for you, you don't waste time and thought in making up your mind what to wear, what to eat, when and how to do things. You have no choice—so, in a sense, you are free. *Freedom is not to be found in any accident or adjustment of the circumstances of life, but only in willing realisation and acceptance of the conditions under which life is carried on.* When you are off duty, you are mentally off duty as well, and can turn all your thoughts to living your leisure constructively, whether through your books, games, hobbies, conversations, through the letters you write, the films, plays, art galleries, cities, or countryside you see, the wireless programmes you hear.

Not so easily done as said. "It's rather like being back at school again, which is inevitable when you get a crowd of girls," a friend wrote to me. However, your character has developed since you were a schoolgirl, and you are not so afraid of risking unpopularity, of doing things differently, of preferring the friendship of one or two with your own interests to being all girls together.

You, the housewife, probably have the most wearing job. You seldom get away from your workshop, your mind never. You are your own mistress, so have to make the double effort, that of the driver and the slave. But leisure is largely an attitude of mind. With no "hours" you never feel off duty. Give yourself "hours." Divide the day into shifts. The first shift might be from 7 a.m. till 11 a.m. when you say "I am at leisure now. Relax, sip my coffee, read the paper, put my feet up, smoke, think, enjoy myself."

The next shift might be from 11.15 to 2.15. Then half an hour's break before shopping. You have to change and tidy in that half hour, but do it as if you were a lady of leisure. Enjoy it. Leisure is not doing nothing, but enjoying the things you do. If you set out to enjoy the walk to the shops or writing that letter to your mother, what was an awful sweat, automatically becomes leisure.

In the evening you may get a longer shift off duty. Look on your radio as a thing which brings you the things you can't go out to. Select your programmes and give them the attention you would in the concert room.

Business and professional women often find it difficult to think in terms of leisure at all. You may be doing part-time voluntary work in spare time, extra work in place of colleagues in the Services. Your jobs frequently carry responsibilities not easily left behind, worries and problems hang about your minds. It helps, I think, to be aware of the times. What we do in our work and our leisure is historic, and there will come a time when we shall look back on this as an epic period, when we shall be glad we didn't miss the pulse of it. That way we cannot make our leisure trivial or spend it all in negative "resting." Perhaps it would help to keep a diary for the grandchildren, or great grandchildren, according to age and grandmotherly prospects. Not recording the things they will find in history books, but the little things that go to make a period. "This," they will say, "is how Great Grandmama spent her time during the War Against Hitler. This is what she ate. This is what she wore and these were her difficulties."

You turned factory worker, also disciplined during working hours, are also mentally free to live your leisure, short though it may be. "But what's the use in a place like Worktown?" Oh, that habit of thinking there are only two places in England worthy of our presence—our own home town and London. But there is a way of getting the best out of every town. Pretend that it is a place in a foreign country, and you see it with quite different eyes. Go about looking at the architecture, looking for peeps into courtyards, up alleyways. If streets are ugly, decide what makes them ugly. Look for the river—nearly every English town has a canal or river. They are not featured, more's the pity, but we on our part don't have the same tourish receptivity of mind for them as we had for those picturesque waterways in Belgian towns.

The public library is the best library for you to join. Few of the books will be under a year old, but that is a recommendation, for they have at least survived one year towards immortality.

The "Fifth Arm" of Canada

(*Continued from page* 13)

army of workmen and field engineers swung into action. Workmen were transported by aircraft, billeted and fed just like any regiment. An old vaudeville theatre was commandeered and the inside torn out to the walls and basement amid the rattle of pneumatic drills and the havoc of dust and destruction. Then came in the next detachment. Cement beds were laid, walls and floors reinforced, partitions thrown up, heat and power laid on. Cities were scoured for the required machinery. The machinery was installed, technical and mechanical staff found and instructed. In three weeks the factory was in operation, making a new secret protective device which is already saving lives and valuable materials in the Atlantic.

That was not so long ago. A few weeks before that, the same young man was called on the mat of a Montreal reserve unit by the commanding officer for shirking his duty as a reserve officer on whose training the Government had spent a considerable amount of money. The offender pointed out politely that he was working overtime every night of the week on more important work than drilling recruits. In reply to this he was told that as an able-bodied young man his place was in uniform. Bluntly he was labelled a shirker.

Shortly afterwards, he was called into consultation with British and Canadian experts on a vital problem. It appears that in a certain field of the war effort there was a large gap between two processes and it was very urgent that this gap be bridged by new technical processes. Would it be possible to effect the bridge by entirely new methods from some other department of engineering?

In a week the shirker, working far into the nights, had revolutionised one munition process that will save in North America alone over twenty-eight million dollars per month out of an average expenditure of thirty million dollars. In England the saving will be even greater. In any language, that is a war effort with capital letters but there are no decorations or publicity in Canada's "fifth arm" and no cash rewards either.

Meanwhile, the blitz divisions blitz at full speed. In several jobs world records have been broken, but for reasons of censorship, details cannot be given. One man in particular has been mentioned so far but there are blitz men working through dozens of private companies under the Department of Munitions and Supplies.

IN one job a division was given a tract of forest-covered land way up north beyond all settlements and told to "go to it." There was no delay. Surveyors went in by air, followed in succession by waves of other regiments, lumbermen, tractor men, construction men, and all the varied technicians. Accommodation huts were run up, sleeping quarters and commissariats installed, and all the equipment of a small town supplied. Tractor trains moved in supplies and machinery, and convoys of mechanised construction equipment lumbered over the rough forest roads. When the momentum picked up, the job went up at the equivalent of one large apartment house *per day*. Nearly a million square feet of wall space were erected in less than five months in the forest.

Take another job. For one vital factory an enormous increase of electrical power was required. The factory was already using the maximum that its own northern river could supply. The engineers examined the map and way up in the latitude of James Bay, beyond the extremes of the Laurentian shield there was a lake of great capacity. All the extra water from the spring thaws ran to waste in the barrens of the northland. If some way could be devised of storing the spring water and using it steadily throughout the seasons the problem could be solved. But the lake was away beyond civilisation, hundreds of miles from any railhead or semblance of a road. (*Continued on page* 54)

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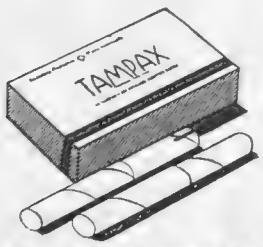

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The "Fifth Arm" of Canada

This is one of the problems where Canada is unique. Wherever the Germans blitz they have roads and rails to follow and help them, wherever other construction men work they have supplies at hand and quarters. But Canada's blitz men have to do everything from A to Z. They land on a lake in the near Arctic and from that moment they have to think of everything from cranes to rifles to keep the bears away, from a thousand tons of cement to the salt for the potatoes.

This job created another world record. The largest air freight contract yet released in the world was involved. Nineteen hundred tons of freight were flown in by air. There was no communication with the outside world except by radio and they had to think of that too, just like any army corps. Everything went in by air—men and materials, cows and horses. Trucks were broken down and re-assembled on the spot while lumberjacks worked to clear the ground. Huge bull-dozer tractors, cranes, cement mixers of the largest size were flown in in parts and assembled. A town was run up complete with medical services, a laboratory and hospital, mess halls and kitchens, all flown in in every detail. By any standard it is a job of planning equal to any that army quartermasters face for an operation. Work was pushed at a rate unknown in peace time, and in eight months the new dam was complete and the township deserted. The blitz men were flown away to another job, and one factory was in a position to double the output from Canada of one vital product.

It is in stories like these that the romance of Canada's war effort lies. A problem arises and a job is tackled, not only in original ways but with a speed that is unique.

While we are on the subject of initiative it is interesting to see how independent Canadian industries can be. If a job comes up that there is no one around to tackle they do it themselves. In any other country an aluminium company would not go into road building, but in Canada the town Arvida is considerably north and there was no one available to build a road to a new development sixty miles through the forest. So they did it themselves with all the most modern road-making methods and the blitz technique. Lumbermen went through the bush cutting the large timber. Great bull-dozers followed, slashing the small growths and the underbrush, levelling hills and moving rocks, the heavy tanks of construction work following the reconnaissance regiments. Then came the smaller tanks, the everyday tractors, hauling, grading and doing all the jobs that trucks would do on better surfaces. Then came the infantry, gangs of men in trucks with truck trains of supplies, making their own stone and gravel as they went. As the finished road pushed through the bush, the A.S.C. of the blitz men followed, bringing up sleeping quarters, mess kitchens and all the supplies to keep the men on the job fed and comfortable. Everything moved up with the road and the job was finished in a time that the road-builders of the late Dr. Todt would envy.

There has been a demand in England for a corps like the work battalions of Dr. Todt. Dr. Todt and his road engineers have been accredited with much of the success of the blitz technique. He moves behind every advance, peeling autobahns over the conquered countries in the wake of the armoured divisions. But he has done nothing against such natural odds as our own Canadians work against in the uninhabited bush country cutting a swathe for our war effort.

Much of the work is a matter of sheer volume of work against a time limit, but new techniques are constantly being developed for dozens of things from gun barrels to aircraft hangars. One Canadian has perfected a technique for producing three gun barrels in the time of one. Another man has produced a technique, for one censored item, to do in a few seconds with one man a job that has been taking four men eight hours per unit. Another one by next spring will have perfected a hangar construction which will make possible the construction of dome hangars in one piece without any supporting steel members or girders whatsoever. The remarkable feature of this new technique is that a hangar to accommodate dozens of aircraft will not be more than two inches thick in any part. In case you do not realise what this means, the cement shell, in relation to size, will be four times thinner than an egg-shell, thus beating nature at her own game. The hangars will be built with a hose and literally sprayed into place.

These are just a few instances of what Canada's blitz men are doing with no glory and the profit kicked back to the Government.

Behind their efforts across Canada are hidden a hundred tales of blitz achievement against odds of nature and shortage of men and material than can equal anything in this war in terms of effort; tales that should inspire Canadians more than anything else with the magnificence of their own ability to do things when they set their minds to it.

All the technique of the blitz is in their work, meticulous planning, a high degree of mechanisation and the swift attack with regular waves of technical men and regiments of labour.

Dozens of world records have been broken and the air has become a Canadian freight highway. Behind it all there is one inspiring thought. It is a blitz of construction, not destruction. Nothing that is learned in it will be lost for the peace that will follow the war.

It is perhaps the only field of war, other than the air force, where youth has had its full fling, and the conversation of these young engineers gives a clue to what Canadians can do with Canada after the war, if they have a chance to build as engineers envision it.

END

What Will the War "Debts" Be ?

(*Continued from page 15*)

fast air transport after the war. A bull in England can be mated with a cow in Siberia, a ram in Australia with a ewe in Scotland. Further, pedigree breeding stock by artificial insemination can sire thirty to fifty times as many young as is possible by the normal method. A bull has sired 1,490 calves in a year, against a normal thirty to forty, and a ram has sired 15,662 lambs. Britain may easily become the stock farm of the world after the war if she keeps ahead in artificial insemination research and retains her breeding stock at peak level during the war.

Weather forecasting is being tried in planting crops and harvesting. Immense advances have been made in this realm by meteorologists, mainly State employed. Usually they are concerned with flying services and operations. But it was the accuracy of their navy meteorologists which enabled the Nazis to run the Channel gauntlet successfully with those warships from Brest. Reliable forecasts of the weather for the next forty-eight hours will prove immensely helpful in everyday life, and invaluable in the conduct of many businesses.

"Psycho-analysing" men—passing them down a row of specialists who ask questions and note answers, the whole forming a picture of a personality which an expert can "read"—is a new war way of sorting them out of a mass for particular jobs. The Americans say it is ninety-five per cent right.

IN American and Canadian air stations they now test pilots by using an electro-encephalograph to check on their mental endurance and susceptibility to fatigue under strain. The instrument records and measures tiny electrical impulses emitted by the brain. There are two kinds of impulses : passive, when the brain rests, and active, when the brain is in use. The experts have found that a pilot is no good for combat work when one

set of the impulses run higher or lower than an average frequency. Such methods, and instruments, are being tested now as they never could be in peace time. Their uses in industry and civil aviation after the war need no stressing.

Two lines of war-time investigation, one into uranium, the other into radio tubes, have crammed half a century of normal research work into three years, and the sum total may revolutionise industrial operations, much as electricity transformed them yesterday. One of the components of uranium, Ur.235, was isolated last year in America, and the scientists came abruptly to the threshold of the solution of release of atomic energy. The Nazis have teams of scientists working on the same problem. Their special interest is production of an explosive more devastating by far than any hitherto known. A uranium bomb would go on exploding for days. The first army with such an explosive would win the war.

Not that it is likely to appear in this war, unless the war continues for another decade or so. Technicians in theory had near the end of the last war all the formidable weapons and devices—400-m.p.h. fighters and 300-m.p.h. bombers, fast tanks, power-traverses for guns, radio comparable to the new three-way set in British tanks, etceteras—which make this war compare to the last one as an old Bristol biplane compares with a Spitfire. But they needed better materials, lighter and stronger steels, higher octane fuel, and sundry other things; among them the solution of subsidiary problems relating to instruments and methods. It was twenty years before they could make what they knew in 1917–18 they would be able to make one day in the future. And it's the same with the utilising of the forces in uranium.

Radio tubes are more advanced. They tap the electrical energies of the electron, charged particles of the atom, amplify enormously weak electric currents. They are the genii behind radio and television, sound in films, the loud-speaker, long-distance telephony, radio beams for aeroplane directional signals and blind landings, submarine and aeroplane spotting devices, and many other latterday miracles. Hundreds of millions are being used in this war. They keep on getting better, more versatile, more powerful. A radio tube opened the New York World's Fair by amplifying the tiny electrical flutter set up by a starlight ray.

Around these and kindred devices and discoveries, all war-stimulated, the great new industries of to-morrow will arise, creating the new wealth that will have to be found anyway to pay for this war, and the new economic spirals to absorb the larger populations which are on the way—unless mankind is in fact going the way of the mastodon and the great auk.

NEW materials and new methods fill in the picture. Whole families of new materials are being evolved in laboratories as the result largely of the campaign to find substitutes for materials made scarce by blockade or cut off by enemy conquest of supply sources. Often these new substances are not merely substitutes, but are better than the natural product they replace; and, if they are not cheaper now, soon will be. The giant American chemical plants are preparing to make synthetic rubber on a vast scale as the Japs over-run the natural rubber lands. New synthetic textile fibres, superior to rayon, replace silk. A blend of aluminium, silica and magnesia makes a new substance to replace mica—essential for high-temperature insulation in electrical equipment—in case supplies of the natural stuff from India, which produces ninety-nine per cent of natural mica, are inadequate, or get cut off.

So it goes. Standardisation of sizes and patterns, to conserve machines, materials and labour and step up war production, has brought a new control which may be largely retained after the war. There were too many screw sizes, too many shoe styles, too many varieties of simple things in everyday use in industry and by the citizenry. Much of this variety was unnecessary, and wasteful all round. In house

(*Continued on page 56*)

"Tell me, doctor . . .

surely there's something for such purposes—something for women . . . an antiseptic that's pleasant as well as dependable?"

FASTIDIOUS WOMEN today know that the efficiency of a germicide does not depend upon an unpleasant smell, a deep, staining colour or a poisonous nature.

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paints alone the range of shades was cut from thirty-two to eighteen to conserve dyes. Not that I expect this particular austerity to survive the war. People after these grey, grim years will demand a wider not a smaller range of bright, gay colours, in home interiors, and in clothes.

There may be considerable changes in control of big industry which will profoundly influence our lives, directly or indirectly. All big industries, steel, shipping, shipbuilding, coal mining, the railways and road transport concerns, are under Government direction, although privately operated. Some observers think that the main essential industries will be reorganised after the war as public utilities, that there will be fewer but bigger units in an industry. It certainly looks as though the war were accelerating a trend towards a marriage between capitalism and socialism, with the best of each kept and the worst shed.

We may even before the war ends see land pass from the present private owners to the whole community, through State purchase, land in future being held through direct State leases.

But we are learning through intensive war experience something about democracy, socialism, dictatorship, fascism, communism; and more people are now aware that there is no one system which, merely by adoption, provides the royal road to social security,

What Will the War "Debts" Be?

high wages, safe jobs, prosperity-without-end-amen, for all, for ever.

We find that State control really means bureaucratic control; the more control, the more officials and inspectors; and the war is showing us that there aren't enough able controllers to go round. We find Government regulation often means that civil servants try to run businesses which they don't understand and are not competent to operate anyway, and that they frequently make worse muddles than the most incompetent of businessmen; only the businessman is liquidated by bankruptcy, while the civil servant is there on salary for life, unless moved on. We witness many strange paradoxes, such as a labour leader, Mr. Bevin, accusing British industrialists of using too many men, and demanding that they cut down on jobs by installing labour-saving machinery.

All of which bodes well rather than ill for the post-war world and generations. For democracies which cannot learn degenerate into despotisms or collapse; and species which cannot adapt themselves to changing conditions, become extinct; and in many ways we are going to find it just as difficult and dangerous to organise for a protracted peaceful life again, as we found it to organise for this war, which we haven't won yet.

END

The Royals

(*Continued from page 16*)

He wished that something would happen to give him a chance to show the real value of his detachment. Perhaps, when they returned to harbour, the captain would give him permission to exercise a mock landing party. He consoled himself with this thought and began to draw up plans in his head.

The captain's steward came out of his master's cabin and walked along the corridor towards his mess. As he passed the Marine sentry pacing up and down in the flat outside, he paused.

"What, you still 'ere? Must 'ave walked miles this afternoon—you might get somewhere if you stick to it!"

Marine Brunt deviated slightly from his course and contrived to bring his bayonet scabbard into sharp contact with the other's back.

"Hop it, Shorty!" he said briefly.

The steward grinned.

"Don't know why they keep Marines," he said, "except, of course to provide light amusement for the real sailors!" He dodged quickly and continued on his way.

Marine Brunt resumed his beat. He was getting sick of all these wisecracks. He was also getting sick of marching up and down this particular piece of deck. Under his breath he repeated the words spoken by the lieutenant of Marines: "Yours is a very important job—you are responsible for the captain's safety." Marine Brunt looked at the clock and sighed. "Nerts!" he said bitterly.

THE telegraphist was sitting at his desk, writing quickly. The earphones on his head transmitted their staccato message of dots and dashes. At length he drew a line on his signal-pad, glanced at the clock on the bulkhead, made a note of the time and stepped out on to the flag-deck. "Bye-bye to all your sweet dreams, chief!" he said.

The yeoman took the signal, read it and whistled softly through his teeth. "Blimey!" he said, "the old man'll just love this one!" Then he adjusted his cap, picked up his telescope and made for the captain's sea cabin.

A messenger knocked at the door of the ward-room. "Royal Marine officer, please."

John Dalton made a quick mental calculation as to how much food was required to feed ninety men over a period of ten days in the field, consigned the answer to memory, and turned in his chair.

"What is it?"

"The captain would like to see you in his cabin at once, sir!"

"On the mat again, soldier!" said a sleepy voice from the sofa. The Marine officer picked up a book and threw it gently but accurately. It bounced with a satisfying thud on the speaker's stomach. He then put on his cap and followed the messenger up to the bridge.

John Dalton stood at attention in front of the captain who had almost finished speaking.

"I am turning now—we should be in position by dusk. I want you to have all your men ready and equipped by that time." He smiled and held out his hand. "Good luck to you, Dalton. This is quite a big show, you know—I'm sure you'll pull it off!"

JOHN DALTON saluted and walked out. Once outside, he read over the signal in his hand: ". . . You are to land entire detachment of Royal Marines in order to carry out raid. Chief objectives are the destruction of enemy wireless station and the capture of prisoners for interrogation. Surprise is essential." There followed a list of positions and times. The captain was right—it was a big show. It was also his chance to prove that the Royal Marines counted for something more than sentries and policemen. As he descended the ladder to the main deck he felt the ship heel over as she turned on to the new course. A few seconds later the deck beneath his feet began to vibrate as the speed increased.

Marine Brunt had long ago ceased to be surprised at any unexpected turn of events. He had been in the corps too long for that. When an ordinary seaman approached him with the news that he was required on the quarter-deck immediately, he merely handed over his bayonet and belt, warned the new sentry not to trip over the raised brass strip outside the cabin door, and strode off to see what the trouble might be. Arrived on deck, he found the detachment already fallen in, with the colour-sergeant mustering them to see that no one was missing. The lieutenant of Marines was standing on a capstan cover in front of them, a piece of paper in his hand.

"Wot's up?" inquired the man next to him.

"P'raps 'e's going to give us all a week's leave!" said Marine Brunt. He always objected to being asked what was up. He supposed the younger men assumed he would be in the know, merely because he happened to have served a little longer than any one else.

The colour-sergeant had reported the

detachment correct and the Marine officer was speaking.

Marine Brunt listened with an impassive face. At the end he turned to his excited companion. "Don't worry, sonny, I've done this before—back in '16—all they gave us at the end was an extra tot of rum and a raspberry for not capturing the Hun general!"

The officer stepped down from his platform.

"Carry on, please, sergeant!"

The colour-sergeant about turned and faced the men.

"Detachment—dis-miss!"

The Royal Marines turned right, paused for a moment and then broke ranks. "Blimey!" mused the colour-sergeant, "and to think that only this morning I complained of being bored!"

John Dalton went slowly down to his cabin. Once there, he drew out a map and switched on the light above his desk. There was a great deal of work to be done during the next few hours.

The cruiser slipped quietly through the gathering darkness. Away to port of them the men on the bridge could just distinguish the rocky coastline.

The navigator looked up from his chart.

"How far shall we be from the landing place?"

"Three miles, sir."

Down on the foc'sle the cable party were waiting to let go the anchor. A shaded light shone on the hawse-pipe in the bows. The captain leant forward over the screen.

"Stand by to anchor!"

"Now, sir!" said the navigator.

"Let go!"

The bridge shook as the cable ran out and splashed into the water.

THE rhythmic noise of the motor boat's engine echoed faintly and was lost in the stillness of the night. The men leaning over the guardrails on the cruiser's deck watched the last of the boats in the long tow disappear into the darkness, leaving only a shimmer of ripples to mark her passage.

The captain turned to go down to his cabin. "Good luck, soldier," he said.

THE Marines sat huddled together on the thwarts of the whalers and cutters, holding their rifles between their knees. Their steel helmets presented an almost unbroken line from one end of the boat to the other, lending them an air of quiet determination. A voice from the motor boat hailed the first cutter.

"This is as far as I can go—you'll have to pull the rest of the way. Happy landings!"

A sailor in the bows uncoiled the painter from the towing bollard and let it fall gently into the water. The motor boat raced ahead and turned in a wide arc. There was a sudden silence as she stopped her engines and lay hove-to on the placid water, to await the return of the landing party.

John Dalton, in the stern of the leading cutter, watched the sailors lower their oars and begin to row. There was no sound but the splash of the muffled blades. Astern of them the other boats followed in single line. Now for it! he thought, and remembered the captain's last words to him on the bridge: "Bring 'em back alive, soldier, and good luck to you all!" Well, they'd do their best, anyway. He patted his revolver in its holster. The hard bulk gave him confidence.

Marine Brunt swivelled round on his seat and glowered at the sailor beside him. "Look 'ere, Lofty, if you digs that blinkin' oar into my ribs again, I'll dig my bayonet into what you sits on!" The sailor bent forward for the next stroke.

"Worse than blasted fatigue, this is—gawd, but I don't know why we bother to carry you bullocks!"

"You'll find out," said Marine Brunt, "wot d'you think we're doing all this for—slimming exercise?"

"Quiet there," said the sergeant. The sailor grunted and swung the loom of his oar against the pit of his neighbour's corpulent stomach. "Wouldn't do you no 'arm, chum!" he whispered.

John Dalton could see the beach now—a small strip of sand, (*Continued on page* 58)

Shoes last longer...

COUPONS AND MONEY SAVED

BUT, MOTHER, ON KEITH'S ARMY ALLOWANCE I SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD TO BE ALWAYS BUYING NEW SHOES—AND MINE SEEM TO GET DOWN-AT-HEEL SO QUICKLY
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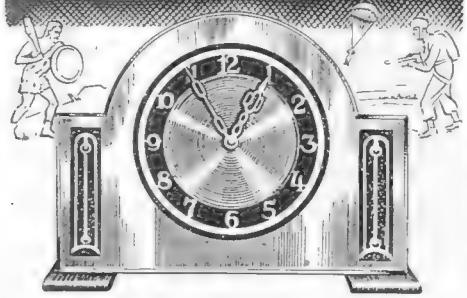

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showing a dusky white in the gloom and, behind it, the dark shape of a hill. On top of that hill was the wireless station. He glanced at his watch. They were just right for time. The bows shuddered as they touched the shingle.

"Easy all!" said the coxswain.

The other boats came up on either side and grounded level with them. John Dalton picked his way slowly along the crowded thwarts to the bows. He stood there for a moment outlined against the night, facing his men.

"You all know what to do," he said, "and I know you'll do it well." He then stepped over the side. One by one, the Marines followed him until they were all wading through the surf on to the dry beach. He waited until they had landed safely then began to move slowly forward to the foot of the hill. A sailor in one of the boats lifted his oar from the rowlock and laid it down beside him with a sigh. "Blimey!" he said, "who'd be a perishin' Marine?"

John Dalton held his revolver in one hand; with the other he beckoned the men forward across the sand. Slowly, stealthily, they approached the rough ground which lay at the bottom of the hill. At close quarters, the hill seemed much larger, towering above them like a fortress. It was going to be a stiff climb, even without opposition. . . .

He hardly knew how it happened. At one moment a shadowy figure had loomed out of the darkness and he had heard the harsh, guttural words of a challenge and caught the gleam of cold steel only a few feet away—the next, his wrist was jarred with the recoil of the revolver, and there in front of him lay the body of a man. He stood still for an instant and then strode on. He knew the man was dead. In that moment he had grown much older.

"They probably heard that," he said to the sergeant at his elbow. He was right. The beam of a searchlight swept over the brow of the hill, searching the beach.

As one man the invaders dropped down and began to crawl. It was hard going on the rough ground, but they reached the first green slopes of the hill without being seen. They began to climb.

Marine Brunt cursed under his breath and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Not as young as he used to be—back in '16 he had been all right for this sort of thing—couldn't go on for ever, though, and this hill was certainly steep. He wished they would stop playing with that searchlight—it was only a matter of time before they were spotted. Then they'd look funny enough, all crawling along on their bellies. It was almost worth it, though—just so that he could see the colour-sergeant. He chuckled to himself. Fanny would laugh if she could see him now—or would she? He remembered how she had cried when he had told her he was going "foreign" again. She was a good wife, his Fanny. Must be nearly at the top now—they had been very lucky so far—blast that searchlight!

The beam of light hit him like a blow in the face, blinding him. Almost at once he heard the well-remembered sound—a machine gun. He wanted to get up and run forward—no point in trying to hide any more.

"Keep down," hissed the corporal on his left. Marine Brunt kept down. He couldn't get up now if all the generals in the world had ordered him to. He guessed the bullet must have shattered his knee-cap. His teeth bit into his lips and he felt his hands go cold. Then the hill seemed to rock and everything turned black.

John Dalton lay perfectly still, pressing his body against the earth. They could only have seen one or two of the men in the beam of the searchlight—better wait until the firing stopped and then make a dash for it. They were only a hundred yards or so from the wireless station now and the rest of the hill was just a slight slope. The light swept uncertainly towards him, passed over his head and away to the right. There was an uncanny stillness as the machine gun ceased firing. It was now or never. He sprang to his feet and ran forward. Behind him he heard his men, their feet thundering on the grass. There was a wild burst of firing and the searchlights swung crazily back and forth. It could only be a matter of seconds before they were seen. Ah! There it was now. John Dalton stumbled on towards the blaze of light and heard the whine of bullets singing past his head. There was a burst of firing from somewhere beside him and then he was jumping over a man's body, kicking the rifle out of the way.

In front of him was the door to the wireless station. He fired twice as men came leaping out of the shadows, then he was inside the door with his colour-sergeant beside him. He felt a stab of pain in his left arm as the man behind the table jumped to his feet. He fired back automatically, the man slumping forward. Now the room was filled with Marines and men were coming out of another door, their hands raised above their heads. Carefully and methodically one of the corporals was smashing the wireless equipment with the butt of his rifle. Outside the firing went on, then—silence. A Marine appeared in the lighted entrance, blood and sweat streaming down his face.

"Reckon that's the lot, sir!"

John Dalton smiled grimly. "O.K.—here's the colonel—take him and the other prisoners down to the boats." He turned to the colour-sergeant: "What price the Marines, now?"

The other grinned. "Nice little party!" he said.

THE sick berth petty officer bent over one of the cots in the sick bay.

"The skipper's just finished talking to you fellows. He said he was proud to serve with you—that's wot 'e said! Never thought I'd hear a sailor say that about a Marine—you ought to join the Commandos—you're too good for us!"

The patient shifted painfully in his bed. "Are there any sailors in the Commandos?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

"Then," said Marine Brunt, with a weary smile, "I think I will!"

END

Russian Salad

(*Continued from page* 19)

get rid of the local guerillas. Heil Hitler!"

Her knee rubbed against his trouser leg under the table.

"You must forgive me for being so weak, my dearest," she whispered. "I should not have spoken so. You have so many worries of your own and I am only a poor silly woman who loves you."

He looked at her with the dull constant gaze of a man whose thoughts are elsewhere. One corner of his mind was occupied with pride in her complete surrender to his will. Poor creature, her life would be a hell when he moved up to the lines. He would put in a good word for her to the fellow who was to take over from him. If she played her cards well she would be pretty comfortable. After all, things might have been worse for her if she hadn't pleased him. He closed his mind to the thought of what the local people would do once the Germans lost interest in her.

While he stroked her hand his mind circled around the miserable Russian who had been caught. These peasants could be stubborn, he knew, but he had been a Gestapo man before the war, and there were ways and means of loosening unwilling tongues. The general was right; these raiders must be smoked out. Too many staff cars had been ambushed and too many trains derailed.

He drained his glass, patted down a yawn and got up heavily.

"It is time we retired, 'divchina,'" he said with a dry chuckle. "I have a little matter of business to settle tomorrow morning."

The young officers watched them go and

then returned irritably to their cards.

"I wonder who will inherit from the old man?" murmured a lieutenant reflectively.

"It won't be one of us, Carl. We'll be on the move from here with the colonel when the next crowd arrives."

"Don't worry, boys," said another. "I hear the women in the Caucasus are first class. And by that I don't mean their intellects."

The colonel could hear them laughing as he switched off the light.

THE young man's blouse was open at the throat. His straw-coloured hair was matted and unkempt. His eyes were very blue and steeled with hate. Only his big sun-browned hands showed that the hours of questioning had made any impression on his nerves. He was clenching his fists to check the trembling in them.

"So," repeated the colonel for perhaps the fourth time in as many minutes. "So." He picked up the cruel "nagaika" and slashed it across the back of a chair. "If the gallant comrade has lost his tongue we must assist him." He went over to his desk, took a cigar from the drawer, lit it, dragged on it for a full minute until he was satisfied, then walked back to the prisoner.

"Comrade Stepan," he said gently. "I wish you no harm personally. Indeed, I respect a brave soldier." His voice was soft as a caress. "Your countrymen have found me understanding when they were ready to talk sense. I have also respected your women even if some of my men do forget themselves now and then."

The Russian wiped his yellow hair back from his forehead.

"Yes, I have heard," he said dully. "You have one of our women at the hotel." He spoke mechanically, like a slow-witted child repeating a lesson.

The colonel's neck was reddening, but he kept a grip on his nerves.

"Tell me where I can find your comrades and nobody will know that the information came from you. I give you my word."

Stepan laughed shortly. "Hitler's word?" he demanded softly.

The colonel's fingers bunched into a huge fist. Puffing a cloud of cigar smoke he suddenly struck him a powerful blow on the jaw. It was so unexpected that the Russian lost his balance and crashed to the floor. Before he could get up the German kicked him hard in the stomach. He groaned but staggered to his feet.

"Hitler's word?" he repeated with a bitter smile.

The colonel's face went brick red. He picked up the Cossack's whip and swished the air six or seven times. Then he turned back to the prisoner.

"I shall not waste time with you, my friend," he said slowly, and his voice was cold and dangerous. "You will talk before nightfall, I can promise you." Then he barked an order in German to his orderly who clicked his heels and grabbed the Russian roughly by the arm.

Two hours later Stepan knew that death would be a blessed release. They were still there. Half a dozen Germans with slit eyes and bull necks and arms bared to the elbows. He waited for the next blow, but it did not fall. Instead, the colonel was smiling as he whispered something to one of the others.

"Kosel!" he yelled. The innkeeper came out, running. He took one look at Stepan then looked away quickly.

"Kosel," repeated the colonel. "I want a nice Russian salad for this gentleman, something really nice and appetising."

"Salad, Herr Colonel?" echoed the innkeeper stupidly.

"Ja, Comrade Goat." His smile was not pretty, and the others were also grinning in an odd way. "A real Russian salad with plenty of dressing." He looked thoughtfully at the prisoner. "And some olives, anchovies and some pickled herring. Ach, yes, and we'll give him a helping of caviare, too." The last remark drew a guffaw from the other officers.

The innkeeper shuffled away to the kitchen, muttering to himself. (*Continued on page* 60)

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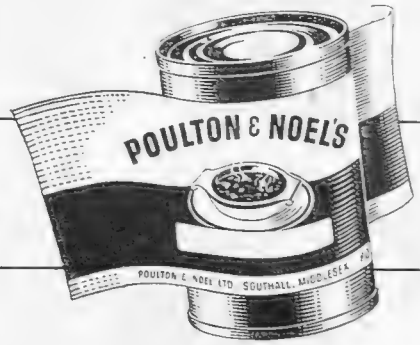

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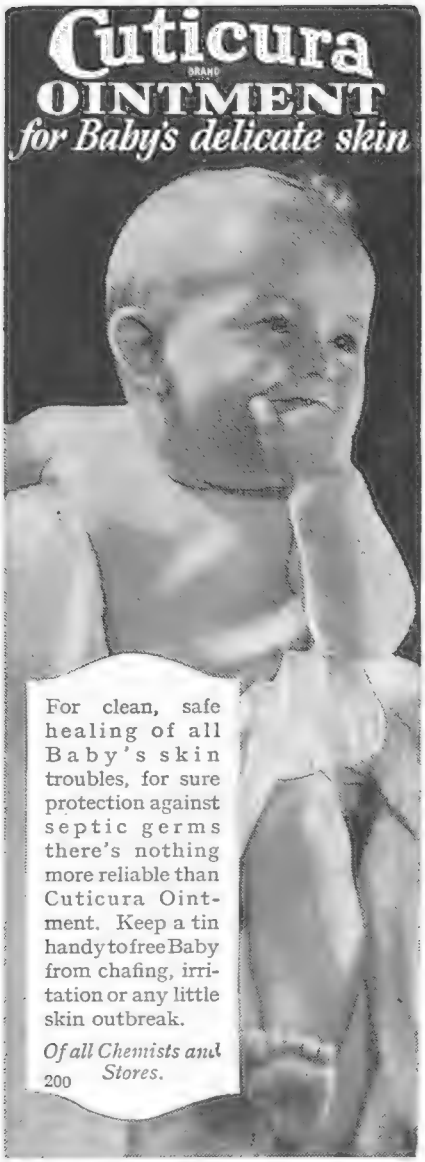
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Maria, watching from her bedroom window, seemed to be hypnotised by the little group. She saw Kosel hand a large tray to the colonel. Then they tied up the prisoner and fed him the salad, forcing open his mouth to do so.

The strange meal seemed to go on for hours. Vassily was sent back for more and more delicacies, all spicy and salted. As each mouthful was forced down, the colonel cracked some joke that made the others roar with laughter. At last he was satisfied. They went into the hotel leaving two men on guard. Stepan was left standing in the open courtyard with that terrible sun beating down on his skull.

The colonel was in splendid form at luncheon. At frequent intervals he would get up and look out of the window.

"Our friend is getting thirsty," he remarked. "It must be that caviare he had for breakfast." His officers roared their appreciation of this sally.

Maria also smiled. "You are chivalrous to a foe, Otto," she said softly. "You have given him his last meal and will shoot him, I suppose?"

He leaned towards her across the table and shook a waggish finger. "You must not worry that pretty head with these foolish matters of routine." And with that he changed the subject.

But he had mistaken his victim. The old trick of torturing a man with thirst had worked in Dachau, but Stepan did not talk although his palate had turned into a piece of hot clay and a knife seemed to be probing his stomach. He was unconscious when they hanged him from the crossbeam of a telegraph pole.

That night the colonel did not enjoy his dinner. Instead he drank a whole bottle of vodka, swore at his officers and kicked Vassily every time the wretched fellow entered the dining-room to serve the food.

THE "Red Star" was full of bustle that morning The Germans were packing their belongings. Half a dozen lorries stood outside the hotel and men were loading them with piles of blankets, jars of food, fresh-baked loaves and bottles of liquor. Vassily was kept on the move from daybreak, fetching and carrying. At this rate, he mused, there will be precious little left for the new guests. But there was no anxiety in his mind over his future catering problems.

He humped a sheep's carcass into a lorry but he was thinking about the man who had collected the laundry from the "Red Star" that morning. Could he get through to the woods, and would they be ready to deal with that train from Kharkov? If his information was correct, the train would arrive that night and there would be a dinner to the staff officers who were to take over

But the time factor worried him as the hours slipped by. Since seven o'clock the Nazis had been kicking their heels in the lounge. The ash-trays were heaped with cigarette stubs, and some of the officers had settled down to a game of poker. He caught scraps of conversation.

"Four hours late already I'm getting hungry as a wolf."

"I hope there is nothing wrong."

"Perhaps the general has sent out a plane to see what is holding them up."

Meanwhile, the colonel was lying on his bed smoking one cigarette after another. He looked tired and worried. Maria sat on the bed and gazed at him with mournful eyes.

"I don't know how to face the world without you," she repeated. He laughed shortly, stabbed out his cigarette and took her in his arms.

At that moment there was a terrific explosion, followed by another. The colonel leapt towards the window and pulled back the curtain. A bullet whistled past his head and he ducked. Peering over the window ledge, and keeping his head well down, he could see a string of blinding flashes in the distance. The windows rattled when another explosion crashed from the stillness. He dropped the curtain with an oath as a great sheet of flame tore into the night sky.

He turned back into the room "Himmel! I must see . . ." His sentence broke off as he saw the revolver, his revolver, in Maria's right hand, levelled at his heart. He cursed in German and took a step forward. He heard the click of the catch and stopped in his tracks. She said nothing but her eyes held his. There was no anger in them, only a coldness that frightened him.

Another crash, then a deep rumble in the distance. This time she smiled.

"That, my little Otto," she said calmly, "is the end of that nice train from Kharkov. We have dynamited the bridge, and all those pretty guns of yours are twisted bits of iron now. I think several hundred of your comrades must now be lying in the station with their bodies crushed." She laughed. "Heil Hitler!"

The colonel was sweating. "Don't be a fool, Maria," he said hoarsely. "You are overwrought. Give me that gun and we'll forgive you these melodramatics. I must go."

Before she could reply there was a shattering of glass and a sub-machine gun began to cough close by. The Russians were at each of the downstairs windows. The dining-room came to sudden life with the first burst of machine-gun fire. Some of the Germans threw themselves on the floor. One of them rushed to the window but reeled with a bullet in his throat.

Feet crunched the sawdust and guttural curses punctuated the whine of bullets as the machine guns sprayed the figures on the floor and those crouched behind upturned tables.

The colonel was thinking clearly now. Maria, he could sense, was unnerved by the gunfire. Slowly he was edging towards the door. Another couple of yards and . . . Then the whole world hit him behind the ear and he was hurtling into space with his heart thudding.

Vassily looked down at the colonel and turned him over with his foot.

"Shall I finish him, little one?" he asked. 'I hit him with this." And he held out a piece of lead piping

Maria shook her head. "No, I want to talk to him." She listened intently for a moment. All was quiet. She slipped the colonel's greatcoat over her bare shoulders and helped Vassily lift the unconscious German.

The colonel awoke with a dreadful headache and at first imagined that he was at sea. He soon discovered that he had been slung across a horse that was stumbling through some dark wooded country. He tried to move, but seemed to be tethered like a goat. The cold night air was stinging his eyes, but his mind was clearing. He peered into the darkness and could make out the skirt of his greatcoat on the rump of the horse in front.

Why hadn't they killed him? Obviously because he might be of more value to them alive. He began to think around some way of saving his skin until such time as he was rescued or could get away.

It was a long ride and he was half-stunned with sleep when they reached the camp. He heard voices and picked out Maria's. She was whispering in his ear.

"Otto, Otto. Do you want to leave here?"

His heart missed a beat. "Yes, dearest, yes," he breathed.

He could feel her breath on his cheek as she laughed.

"But first, Herr Colonel, you must have a meal." Her laughter was flinty now. "A meal of Russian salad."

His hands went clammy "No—no," he stammered.

"Yes—yes," she mocked him. "A nice Russian salad like the one you gave my fiancé. Remember, Herr Colonel?"

But she wasn't with the men when they led the colonel; it would have reminded her too painfully of the courtyard of the "Red Star." And when Vassily slipped the noose round the German's neck she was roasting mutton over a charcoal fire. The men would enjoy their "shashlyk" after their busy night.

END

So You're a Rabbit at Knitting?

(*Continued from page 42*)

for bust instead of 136. Reduce to 114 instead of 104 at shoulders. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row instead of 7 at finish.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes have 114 sts. Work on 57 sts. until armhole is 6 ins. round curve. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 40 sts. Cast off 8 sts. instead of 7 at finish.

SLEEVES

Cast on 90 sts. instead of 80. Work as 34-in. size, having 40 sts. to cast off at end instead of 30.

38-in. bust

Work as 36-in. size, using No. 8 needles instead of No. 9 and No. 10 needles instead of No. 11. One oz. more wool is needed.

(*Continued from page 42*)

blue (26 sts.). Work stocking st., starting k., to within 1 st. of 3 rust. K. 3 rust, and k. last st. in blue (taking wool behind tightly).

2nd row.—P. 2 blue, p. 3 rust, p. to end in blue (pulling blue across rust tightly).

Continue in this manner, thus moving the 3 rust sts. across work diagonally on every row. When all the sts. are blue, and rust worked off to right, start another rust stripe by working last 3 sts. in rust. Continue stripes all up work, and work the strip until it is 2 ins. shorter than straight edge of side panels. K. 2 tog. at left edge of work (right side facing) until there are 13 sts. left. Work 7 rows straight. Cast off.

For right panel, cast on 23 blue, then 3 rust, and work to correspond, only pushing the stripe to left instead of right.

BUTTONS (twelve alike)

Cast on 10 sts. in blue. Work stocking st. for 1½ ins. Cast off. Cover the moulds with p. side to right side.

THE BUTTON STRIP

With rust, cast on 8 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for length of centre front.

BUTTONHOLE STRIP

Cast on 8 sts. rust. Work 2 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. Now work a buttonhole as follows: work 2 sts., cast off 4, work 2.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 4, turn, work to end. Repeat buttonhole every 1½ ins. all up (or every 1¾ ins. or 1¾ ins. so that top one comes 2 rows before end).

THE COLLAR

Cast on 104 sts. rust. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 80 sts. rust. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. up side. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve, and shoulder seams. Sew in front panels. Sew on button strips. Sew on collar. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

36-38 in. bust. Cast on 112 sts. instead of 104, and increase to 144 sts. instead of 136. Continue exactly as instructions for 34-in. bust.

Cast on 28 sts. instead of 24 for two side panels, and inc. to 44 sts. instead of 40. Continue exactly as 34-in. size.

For 38-40-in. bust, work as 36-38 size with No. 8 needles instead of No. 9. One oz. more wool is needed.

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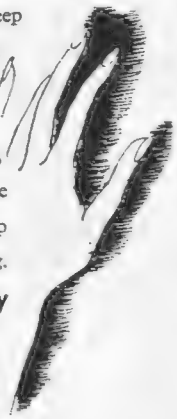

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

Now drunk with success, Pougatcheff began to indulge in wild orgies. Among his army were hundreds of criminals whom he had released from prisons on the way, and these became no better than beasts of prey, looting and raping without restraint.

At Oremburg they found the town defended by 5,000 regular troops and nearly 100 guns. Pougatcheff besieged it for nearly six months, immured in his headquarters with a private harem composed of the pick of the captured women. The others had been distributed to the Cossacks. He now had under his command 100,000 men, but only 3,000 of them were fully armed. The rest were mere desperadoes who dressed as they pleased, and refused to submit to any discipline. They represented the scum of humanity, let loose on the population to amuse themselves in their own brutish way. The Cossacks also were a wild lot, and when drunk with vodka and lust, they were appalling specimens. Pougatcheff kept them disciplined for military purposes, but in their free time they could behave as they liked. The vast camp, filled with captured women, was an inferno of debauchery. In the midst of it all, the self-styled Peter III sat on the state chair which had been looted from a dead governor, passing judgment, ordering executions, or selecting some new beauty from the girls brought in for his inspection, already stripped by ruffians eager to ingratiate themselves. On one occasion he was so struck by the figure of a Cossack girl that he decided to marry her on the spot and give her the title of empress. The priests who were accustomed to officiate in that unruly camp with him performed the ceremony. There is no need to add that Pougatcheff did not relinquish his harem, which was now composed of eight girls of aristocratic birth.

Pougatcheff's success was mainly due to a policy of systematic looting of the rich for the benefit of the poor. Factory owners, landowners and wealthy farmers were alike despoiled of their property and thought themselves lucky to get away with their lives. The insurrection was growing to such an extent that the Empress Catherine was obliged to take counter measures, so she sent an army under the command of the able General Bibikoff.

When the imperial forces reached Kazan they were able to realise to the full the depredations caused by the insurgents. In a letter to a friend, Bibikoff wrote: "The entire district of Orenburg and Samara represents one enormous hell, and the inhabitants are in a woeful plight. There are so many dead bodies about that even if there were any desire to do so, they could not all be buried. Corpses hang from gallows for months together, and are so covered with snow that they cannot be recognised. Only the aged and infirm remain in the villages, and the very dogs have joined the insurgents." The letter goes on to describe other aspects of the revolt, and then continues: "Our plight is terrible. It is not that the enemy is dangerous. It is the vacillation of the people which is the real menace. It is not Pougatcheff who is to be feared, but the general discontent."

THE false Peter III caused Catherine more trouble than the real one had done. A long succession of battles between her soldiers and the insurgents followed. Attacks and counter-attacks—pursuits through plains and mountains, with the luck shifting from side to side. Pougatcheff always made good his losses with new recruits who were only too eager to join their supposed emperor.

At one point the Imperial troops, while on the track of Pougatcheff, made a mistake and marched for days in the opposite direction. A new general was sent to replace Bibikoff; and he, too, was baffled by the mobility of the Cossacks.

A surprise lay in store for Pougatcheff at Kazan, where he had assembled 25,000 men. While he was giving instructions to his aide-de-camp, a woman pushed her way through and claimed Pougatcheff as her lawful husband. She was indeed his wife, whom he had deserted long before, and by whom he had two children. For a moment the rascal was disconcerted; but he quickly recovered his wits. He explained to the curious onlookers that this woman was the wife of a poor man called Pougatcheff who had been a victim of loyalty to his emperor and had fallen into the hands of Catherine's soldiers and been killed. The woman's remonstrances were of no avail. Pougatcheff, with a regal gesture, ordered that this poor widow of a faithful subject should be rewarded by inclusion among the royal concubines.

The struggle went on, attended by acts of great valour on both sides. The insurgents aimed at reaching Moscow, and the regulars were determined to prevent them. Over 80,000 people were impatiently awaiting the arrival of their saviour. Whether he was indeed Peter III seemed a matter of no importance. Pougatcheff sent 40,000 of his men towards Moscow, another 40,000 towards St. Petersburg; and the same number were left at Kazan. His luck still held, and the fate of Russia hung in the balance. Then suddenly his star fell. It began with the capture of his new young wife, and after that came a series of defeats, until the enthusiasm of even his most faithful followers was weakened. Finally, he was seized by some of his own people and handed over to the authorities. This was the end of him. General Souvoroff, in command of the regular troops, put him in irons and locked him in a cage. Loaded thus on to a cart he was taken to Moscow, stared at all the way. A slow and terrible death awaited him, but Catherine, secretly hoping that this might be the last of her adversities, ordered that he should be merely beheaded and quartered.

So ends the story of this remarkable man who, unable even to read or write, once menaced the very throne of the Empress of Russia.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 25*)

In the same way, R. H. Mottram in "The World Turns Slowly Round" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) tells his story through the eyes of a Victorian mother. His is a tale of what may be taken as a typical English family through three generations. In a way it hardly reads like fiction. Certainly there is nothing sensational about it, and yet you never lose interest. But Robert Taylor as a star in 1918? No!

I WAS disappointed in "Typist in China" (John Long, 18s.). Never after the first half-dozen pages could I get any feeling of probability in the adventures of the ex-typist. The journalistic side was so palpably unlikely and unreal, and the adventures of the heroine so suitably well-timed and dramatic. Ida Hurst has fallen between the two stools of sensationalism and realism, and touched rock bottom in doing so.

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON has a long string of naval books to his credit. His latest, "Fighting the U-Boats" (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.), is a detailed and concise history of the struggle in the last war up to the end of 1916. Their history, their tactics and strategy and their eventual individual fate is described unemotionally, without for a moment losing interest. This is a book for the lover of facts and the lover of naval history, compiled, so far as I can judge, with studious accuracy. And truth provides plenty of adventure.

END

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On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

ON DUTY

polish desks, stools, and chairs the hard way, instead of providing us with an easy polish such as Min. It would be good for the old gentlemen on hospital committees to be forced to use the polish they provide the staff and then compare it with an easy polish just to show them the difference in the work. Men and women on hospital committees should also take a course in charing. That would teach them a thing or two. They would learn, for instance, the advantages and disadvantages of rubber floors. A rubber floor is like the little girl with a little curl. It is attractive to look at and can be very, very good. When trampled on by hundreds of muddy feet it can also be horrid.

In the department where I work we have a pretty green rubber floor with a yellow border, and it reminds me of *Alice Through The Looking-glass* because I am perfectly certain that seven maids with seven mops could clean it for seven years and it would still show every footmark of every patient who walked across the surface to consult our visiting Honorary.

At last, sister has hopes of solving this problem with some stuff called Sposs. This is an aerated wax compound in liquid form which is both self-polishing and non-slip. After the floor has been scrubbed clean, the Sposs will be put on with light, sweeping movements in one direction and then left to dry. If it does the trick, a damp cloth or mop will remove the subsequent footmarks. Sposs is made specially for hotels, showrooms, and hospitals. It is also put up in domestic size for ordinary households. If it saves soap and charwoman's fatigue, it will be the greatest cleaning find we have had since coupons came in.

OFF DUTY

then give your scalp five minutes' finger massage. Follow this by brushing your hair dry with a good, stiff hairbrush. The massage and brushing will whip up the circulation and leave the scalp pink and tingling pleasantly.

One sure and certain way of preventing your hair from looking tatty and keeping a trim head is to invest in a good permanent wave. You may be the neatest woman in the world, with the tidiest mind, but if your hair is wispy you will give an impression of inefficiency; whereas a neat perm will show you at your most efficient. When you have invested in your perm, guard it well with daily brushing and scalp massage and a fortnightly shampoo.

END

Leg Show

(Continued from page 41)

coarsen the growth, make the new hairs protrude viciously even through thick lisle and rayon hose, and ruin all your chances of leg beauty in later years. Just bleach with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia.

Massage cream into your knees at night or just after a hot bath, as it will be more easily absorbed then.

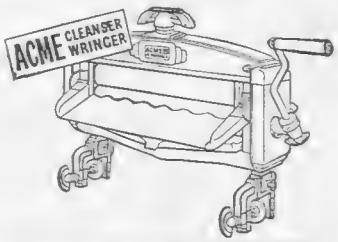
Gooseflesh needs friction to work up the circulation, hot and cold sponges and exercise. Blue-red patches of discoloration should also be treated in this way to bring the circulation to the skin and keep the legs glowing with vitality.

If you have slight varicose veins you should search out the cause of them and remove that immediately. Pressure of elastic, continual standing, tight belts or any constriction due to fat, weight, physical condition can cause them. Try to rest with the feet up for an hour a day. The Society of Herbalists make a Varicose Vein Pill which works on the circulation of the body and thus helps the condition.

In severe cases, however, the present-day treatment is injections.

Up at the Hall . . .

they could do with six Acmes instead of one. Fifty convalescents mean a mountain of washing — but that stout little Acme stands up to the strain perfectly. You see there aren't any new Acmes to be had — the makers' former employees have been at action stations since the day war broke out. In the meantime, the Hall's lucky to have even one — most of you will just have to borrow! But some day . . .



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The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. You will be delighted with the tale the scales tell — new ounces gained each week. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies. You can get it everywhere, but be sure, Mother, to say 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10 (*including Purchase Tax*).

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Dance Night

(*Continued from page 28*)

slow-moving torpedo boat while they bombarded her with everything they had. Although on fire and badly damaged she was firing back valiantly with her twin turret, which in some miraculous manner was still intact. But this unequal action could only have one ending.

Instantly Orde decided to attack the heavily armed trawler, detailing his second boat to drive off the E-boats and hoping that another boat would arrive in time to help.

"Stand by depth charges!"

"Engage trawler on starboard bow with all guns!"

Glancing aft he saw Apsly at the after gun silhouetted with the gun's crew against the phosphorescence of the tumbling wake.

Once again the crash of flaming shells, the fairy play of coloured tracers, and the orange splash of striking projectiles.

As Orde rushed in on the slow-moving trawler he was met by a blast of heavy gunfire. He felt the hull shudder as shells struck home, and became aware of a sharp pain in his side.

A blinding flash from aft and he realised the after gun had been hit, simultaneously the gunner in the twin turret beside him slumped clumsily in his seat as if sunk in drowsy slumber and the noisy clatter of gunfire had ceased.

They were passing closely down the side of the trawler now, and even as he reached for the depth charge release, there came aft the brave chatter of a stripped Lewis gun to sweep the trawler's decks.

The orange flash of cordite seemed to explode in his face as the enemy fired point blank at the racing boat. The mast and signal locker sailed off into the night in a tearing crash of sound, and with them went a finger from Orde's left hand.

As he swayed off balance he still retained enough strength to pull the depth charge release and the enemy trawler disappeared into the night astern.

As he assisted the loading number to hoist out the dead gunner and take over the turret, a dull reverberating concussion came from aft as the depth charge exploded under the trawler.

Orde circled to regain the damaged torpedo boat and assist in driving off the E-boats. The firing had died down, but a short burst of coloured tracers guided him to the scene.

Out of the blackness three small hulls took shape. Were they ours or the enemy?

Orde flashed his recognition signal, and felt a warm glow of satisfaction to receive the correct reply.

There was no sign of the enemy now; they had had enough and must be trying to rejoin their convoy or what was left of it.

It slowly dawned on Orde that the torpedo boat must have effected repair to her damaged engines for the three boats were keeping close formation at about twenty knots and headed for the rendezvous.

She was low in the water, and her nearest torpedo tube appeared through his strong glasses to be blown in halves: it was a miracle she hadn't been sunk or burnt out.

He would hear the whole story of their gallant fight when they got into harbour, and at the thought of harbour he realised he would be glad to get in.

The excitement of action and the numbness of his wounds had worn off and now he was aware of pain and physical strain.

At the rendezvous he gave the signal to stop engines and close, and the four boats drew together, rolling slightly on the gentle swell. With the stopping of the engines the silence was intense and voices carried clearly from boat to boat.

Orde walked aft to see how things had gone with the after gun, for the chatter of the machine gun had reassured him to some extent after the gun had been knocked out. But now his heart contracted for there was no motion in the still bodies round the gun.

Apsly lay on his back apparently unmarked, but with his blue eyes staring unseeingly at the faint stars overhead. The loading number had also lost the number of his mess, but the gunlayer was still breathing though badly wounded.

In his stiff hands was grasped the stripped Lewis which he had continued to fire from the deck after his wounds had rendered him unable to stand, and Orde could see that he had fired off a whole drum before he collapsed. A grand fellow.

He must rush all the wounded into harbour in the fastest boat. His own boat, though sadly knocked about, was still capable of high speed. The engine room had been holed twice, but the motor mechanic had plugged the holes and even lagged a damaged pipe, and this while running his three engines at top speed under extremely hazardous conditions.

Orde decided to take the more seriously wounded himself, leaving one boat to escort the damaged torpedo boat into harbour.

He hailed the boats in company to this effect, and found that there were only two men and one officer in need of urgent medical attention. The transhipment of his passengers was quickly carried out by gentle hands and they were laid, comatose from morphia injections, on the decks and warmly covered for the run in. The throaty roar as the engines of the four boats opened up together was a heartening sound, and course was layed for the base the other torpedo boats must by now be entering.

Orde, pale and grim, peered out over the bridge screen at the darkness ahead ruminating bitterly on Apsly's death. He had been so very young, so very alive and so desperately keen.

The pain in his side was a raking spur, and he diagnosed it correctly as a piece of shrapnel which had penetrated his ribs, while his shattered left hand, a sticky mess of blood, was agony.

The rush of the cold night air kept away any faintness, although he felt slightly sick and very cold.

But the memory of that short and hectic scrap returned to cheer him. It had been a successful action. They had sunk two-thirds of the convoy and certainly damaged one trawler and one E-boat with comparatively little loss. Apsly had not died in vain.

A faint pinpoint of light appeared ahead and Orde realised that it must be the light on the end of the breakwater switched on to aid his return.

The light grew more brightly until at last he could see the breakwater itself, and the dark loom of the high cliffs behind.

The noise of the engines faded to a soft purr as the boats slowed to glide across the basin to their berths, where willing hands waited to secure them. There were the doctors and ambulances to deal with the wounded.

As Orde closed his throttles and rang off the engines he felt strangely tired.

In the blackout dark figures moved silently, lit up momentarily by the flare of electric torches, as they removed the wounded.

Gun crews were unshipping their guns for stripping and cleaning ashore, but still Orde stood on the bridge, silent and motionless.

Gradually he became aware of the music of a band playing "God Save the King," and as he recognised the majestic cadence automatically he stood to attention on the blood-stained deck.

To his drowsy brain came the faint memory of a dance. Surely that dance had been a week ago, a month ago? Slowly he realised that it had been only last night, a few hours ago; that this was indeed only the end of that same dance.

At length he made a move to telephone his report to the admiral, and with a last glance at his scarred vessel and the still bodies of his late shipmates, he strode resolutely from the quay to the mess.

I met Orde in the hall and, in silence,

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

handed him a cigarette, for I had already heard of Apsly's death. As he lit it from my lighter I saw that his face was whiter and more grim than I had ever seen it, and I felt that I must somehow draw him out of this crowd of departing guests to pour into him a healthy shot of whisky.

As I was about to suggest it he stiffened, and looking round, I saw the same pretty girl with whom I had noticed both him and Apsly at the beginning of the dance. Orde moved close to me to hide the tell-tale red-brown patch on his uniform, and as he thrust his shattered hand into his pocket I saw a twinge of pain tighten the muscles round his mouth.

I noticed, with some surprise, that the girl was annoyed with Orde, and in a flash I realised that she did not yet know of the action and the reason why her partner had cut his dances.

She looked at Orde unsmilingly, and spoke with some resentment.

"Mr. Orde, do you think I could say good night to Mr. Apsly if you have quite finished with him?"

Poor kid, I thought, she's going to feel pretty bad when she learns the truth.

Orde faced the scornful, flashing eyes, well aware of their unspoken accusation.

"I'm sorry, Pat," he said quietly, his soft voice steady, "but Apsly can't leave the boat to-night."

END

Treasures of Our Villages

(*Continued from page* 20)

boundary crosses to be found. As their name implies, they were placed to define the boundary between two manors, and have usually disappeared. Ralegh's Cross, on Brendon Hill, Somerset, is considered to be a boundary cross, but legend adds her own romance by declaring that it was set up to mark the last resting place of Jean, first wife of Simon Ralegh, on her last sad journey to the grave. Lowtrow Cross, not far away, is also thought to mark another halt in the journey, Lowtrow being a corruption of L'Autre—a charming echo of the well-known Eleanor crosses set up by Edward I when his queen was also making her last journey on earth. Unfortunately the legend is without that foundation of fact so necessary to the peace of mind of the strict antiquarian so, as boundary crosses are rare, it is as well to class these as being of their number.

END

All This England

(*Continued from page* 32)

the sullen red mouth was sensitive as if once it must have smiled entrancingly.

"I hope your father understands my intention, mademoiselle, which is to make you both very welcome. I could not be here because we are working against time. I am a farmer."

"A farmer!" echoed the girl with faint contempt. Her eyes travelled pointedly round the long room, over the carved book-cases, the rows of leather-bound books, the oil paintings, the deep chairs, and the great desk with the heavy silver fittings. "A farmer! We, too, are——" she corrected herself, "we, too, *were* farmers once." She spoke as if it had all been a long time ago.

John veered away from the painful subject. "How well you speak English."

"They taught me at the convent. There was an English sister." Her eyes looked past him now into space. "They are all gone—the nuns. In their orchard the apples are half-ripe. The German soldiers shoot at them. Practice for shooting down men and women." She jerked (*Continued on page* 66)

A CORRECTION

In the advertisement of Templeton's "Ayr" Wools which appeared in the March issue of "Britannia and Eve," the makers name of these famous wools was inadvertently given as Templeman's instead of Templeton's.

When you ask your woolshop for "Ayr" Wools, please ask for Templeton's.

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 1/2.
Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
THE GOOD-NATURED
Laxative

L50A

Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing
ROYAL
ARROWROOT
DESSERT
EASILY MADE-EASILY DIGESTED. NO SUGAR NEEDED
3 FLAVOURS CARAMEL CHOCOLATE VANILLA

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

Valstar
66°
Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
In normal times the best shops have '66'. Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.
I. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD. PENDLETON-MANCHESTER
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

HELP FOR WOMEN OVER 40

The sufferings of women over 40 are usually greater than those of women of any other age. Easily depressed and nervy, they often feel that life holds little for them. Today women over 40 can enjoy life as before — be healthy and happy — for the phase through which they are passing — "The Change"—has been robbed of most of its depressing, wearing-down symptoms. Menopax is the most up-to-date treatment for "The Change."

If you are over 40 and suffer from **Sudden Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck, Nerves Insomnia, Tiredness, Giddiness, Palpitation, constant Headaches, Ear Noises,** etc., it is because your system cannot adjust itself quickly enough to the rapidly changing needs of body metabolism. To overcome these symptoms you need a medicine specially compounded to restore the upset somatic balance, then nerves will once again be strong, irritability ceases, and you will feel, and look, years younger than for a long time. Such a medicine is Menopax, regularly prescribed by hundreds of doctors.

MENOPAX

Relieves symptoms of "The Change."

Menopax tablets are obtainable in three sizes, 2/10, 5/7½, 11/3, including purchase tax, from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and all leading chemists. An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life. This book may be taken FREE from most chemist's counters, or will be sent for three penny stamps direct by: **CLINICAL PRODUCTS LTD., 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

Children's Teeth in War-Time

Even in wartime a child's diet *must* contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant tasting toothpaste regularly, always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube to-day.

Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax.)

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

herself back into the present. "You have not had your dinner. We must not detain you. My father is very tired. We will go upstairs."

"You are sure you have everything?"

She nodded gravely. "Everything, monsieur. You must not let us be a burden."

He opened the door to let them pass. For a moment he saw the girl standing on the wide staircase under the portraits of all those gentle Gilchrist women dead and gone. She made them look faded and forgotten.

"A burden" was what she had said and in the days that followed it was how he thought of her. His life, which, despite the war, had held harmony and purpose and even a kind of hard-working peace, was altered. It had been his duty to produce more food and single-mindedly he had devoted himself to the task, doing merely what he was ordered, to the best of his ability, as a soldier of the soil. The girl had changed all that. She had brought into his home tidings from the war of blood and blows.

She was never quite out of his thoughts, even though she avoided him, as if conscious that she was a trouble. The old man slept or sat at his bedroom window looking vacantly over the land. But sometimes John would meet the girl on the stairs or in the garden, when she was formal, polite and self-effacing. She never lingered and there was something unfriendly in her manner, and in the angry resentment of her mouth. After each encounter John felt that he had brushed wings with tragedy. Her eyes had looked on blood and death and fire, her anguished spirit haunted Redaffon as if she were already a ghost.

And she was so young—the hollows in her throat, the immature lines of her body—with so much of life before her he must teach her to forget.

She was always up early, and a few days later, seeing her standing idle and forlorn, he called to her impulsively.

"I've got a cowman ill. Come and help me in the milking shed."

He was not sure whether she had understood, but she walked obediently towards him as if she had heard a word of command.

"We have some Jerseys—their coats shine, their lashes are inches long——"

As they went along he showed her this and that, pointing, explaining, trying to rouse her interest. Her eyes obediently followed the movements of his hands but it was only in order to be polite. She listened to his voice, but he did not think she heard what he was saying.

AT the door of the milking-shed she laid a hand for a moment on his arm. "You are very kind," she said, as a grown up being patient with a child that tried consolation with a handful of sticky sweets.

He felt snubbed. She had seen through him. It was as if she had told him not to trouble, not to interfere. It was as if sorrow had made of her the elder.

"You know how to milk, mademoiselle?"

She looked at him as if she found him ridiculous. "My name is Thérèse."

He stood rebuked. "And mine is John. Now, let's see. You start with Beauty. She's very gentle."

Presently he passed the stall. The girl was sitting on the milking stool, her cheek against Beauty's soft coat. The girl was singing a little French song, very softly, and her face was almost calm.

John Gilchrist was surprised to find himself shaken. He wanted so much to help. He would like to see her smile. Such a lovely line, the oval of her face, the curve of her lips. If she would smile for him once, he would be satisfied.

ALL the cows were milked. The man came to carry the pails to the separator. A land girl in wellingtons clattered about with water and broom, getting ready to clean out the shed. Someone came to John with a question. When he turned Thérèse had gone.

Next morning he found her again in the garden. "We've got to get the hay carted," he said.

She followed him though he had not asked her. "It is good—your hay?"

"Not bad at all."

"We had——" and then she stopped. There had been no harvest home at Etienne Les Maries. "It was all trampled down," she said.

They walked on in a desolate silence. A line of someone's poetry ran in his head: *There were no words which you could say to that great queen.* Yet he must find the word, the gesture, the way to reach to the locked heart. Never again could he be at peace in his sheltered home while she was so exiled and forlorn. To look with satisfaction on his own acres was as indecent as to eat bread before a starving child.

Down in the big hayfield they were getting ready. Thérèse walked beside him as he went to speak to the carter.

"We've got to hurry." John pointed to the sky. "There's something banking up there."

The man was elderly. They had taken all John's quick, strong young men. "*Iss fai,*" the man said and nodded doubtfully, looking up and down the long rows of haycocks.

Thérèse put a hand on John's arm. "Give me a——" She paused at a loss for the word.

"Fork," he said and shook his head. "You're my guest."

She looked at him with that fleeting expression of contempt which he had seen in the library the first day they met. "It is one way to help beat the Boche," she said.

He sent a boy to get an extra fork and looked over his poor army of helpers. It would be a race to get the hay stacked before the weather broke.

Of that summer day all that he could remember afterwards was Thérèse moving gravely along the line behind the cart, tossing her load with the grace and skill of years of practice. Thérèse in the sun, unsmiling, carting hay to beat the Boche. When they paused at midday she sat with him under the hedge and shared his bread and cheese

The quickly made sweet — *Healthful — Delicious*

An unexpected treat in wartime—Little Miss Muffet Fruit Flavoured Junkets. Milk in its most digestible form. Nourishing, because made with milk. Healthful and delicious, because of their true fruit flavours. Yes, sugar (or saccharine) is required. Children love them. They look and taste so nice.

Little Miss Muffet THE ORIGINAL **FRUIT Flavoured Junkets**

Still obtainable—still only 7½d. (makes 3 lovely pint junkets).

RASPBERRY – ORANGE – LEMON – VANILLA

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.

OLD BOOKS HELP TO MAKE BOMBS AND SHELLS—BUNDLE THEM OUT NOW—PLEASE! THE NEED IS URGENT.

and cider in companionable silence. The weather held and they worked late, and he and she walked back to the house after the sun had gone down.

"You love it—all this," she said, more as a statement than a question.

"Yes." He was ashamed, feeling that he had so much. "Perhaps you will grow to love it, too. The earth is everywhere the same."

'It is so red, your land—like blood. The earth should be brown."

He knew that she did not see the rounded hills, the high hedges, the riot of summer green. She saw some other farm where the earth was the colour of her eyes.

He kicked at a dusty furrow. "This only endures. Empires rise and fall but the seasons do not alter. Come war or peace there must be ploughing and seed time and harvest all the world over. Make what machines they like they cannot live without the earth."

Her voice shook with passion. "The Germans took our freedom—they took our lives—they took our land—our deathless land."

He fell silent in the face of her passionate grief. His words were vain, beating the air, bringing no comfort.

From that day he expected and found her every morning and she would follow him when he went to work, walking often a step behind him in arrogant humility. He came to rely on her company, often asked her opinion and took her advice. Skilful and strong she could always find work for herself and set about it with passionate intensity.

Sometimes she would say: "Ah, no. That is not how we do it at home." Then she would stop suddenly, remembering the crops ungarnered, the fields forlorn, remembering that she *had* no home. And her pain was his pain.

WHEN they came back from work one evening there was a parcel waiting for her. She fingered it doubtfully as if convinced that it must be a mistake.

"But I know no one——" she said.

He laughed gently. "Open it. Maybe some of your friends have reached England."

Out of the opened bundle fluttered the card of a well-meaning local committee. Thérèse saw it fall and then turned back to look at a worn but serviceable silk frock and a spotted muslin that might have been someone's pre-war party wear.

She stepped back, her face quivering. "I am a beggar, so——"

"No, no," he said hastily. "They did not mean it like that."

"But it is true—only I hadn't thought. It is true. We came away with what I could carry. My father owns five hundred good acres. You cannot carry that across the sea." She swung round to him, her eyes imploring. "You are the only person I have—you must help me—please——"

"Anything, Thérèse." His voice was grave and steady.

She clasped her hands. "I must go away out of your house. To one of the cottages. You must let me work like a labourer for hire."

"Nonsense," he said curtly. "You are my guest here." He was surprised at how much he disliked the idea, surprised that he felt Redaffon would be empty if she were to go. "I will arrange something——"

She dropped her hands and shook her head sadly. "That is not real work, but something you invent to please me. I would still be a beggar." She picked up the parcel sadly. "You are very kind but it would have been better the way I say." She moved away, her head held very high, her shoulders squared beneath the shabby cotton frock. "Perhaps we were too proud and God was displeased." She left him watching her with a sense of his own failure.

All night long he stayed awake trying to decide whether or not he was buying his pleasure in her company at the cost of her self-respect.

He was still undecided the next day when he took out the light van and drove her over to market at Sarfield.

"It is all very beautiful," she said, as they passed down the deep lanes where the ferns grew stunted in the crevices of the stone walls and the grey and yellow lichen made patterns on the tiled roofs. "And so quiet. They do not know there is a war."

"That's not true, Thérèse." He pointed across the fields to where a broken wall and some rubble crested the hill. "A shepherd lived there. A very old man, very kind and wise. There was a raid. It was what the reports call 'negligible damage.'" They reached a small grey village. "From here men go to the sea." He pointed to a cottage with a gay trimming of summer flowers at its feet. "From there went a father and two sons. I knew them well. Now there is only the woman left."

"It is hard on a woman to lose her men," she said softly. "You, too, are all alone."

"I was—until you came."

"You did not want us to come. You were very polite, but I knew."

"I was stupid. Now I would be very lonely if you went away."

"It is not true—just kind," she said wistfully. "No one needs me any more—not even my father. He sits all day living in the past with his sons. He was very proud of them. Jean is lucky. He is dead. But Pierre——" A tremor ran through her body. She turned to him her eyes beseeching. "What will they do to him?"

He shook his head. "I do not know. Try to forget a little. Life must go on."

"I do not want my life to go on. There is no sense to it."

"Then we must find sense. It can be done if we try hard enough."

She studied him as if puzzled. "Why are you so patient?"

"One gets the habit on the land."

"Why do you trouble about us?"

There were so many answers he could make, so many conflicting motives. "Your brother died for our cause," he said.

Her lips quivered, her voice was passionate. "I would not care so much if France were still fighting, armed, unashamed. If he had died in battle with a chance to kill. But all we can do is to scuffle in corners."

"It is the most heroic scuffle the world has ever seen."

The wind blew her hair a little, so that it was loosened and lay against her cheek. He glanced at her young face, so pure and passionate, framed against the background of the quiet Devon fields. He did not know whether it was joy or sorrow that shook his inner being.

AS they drew near the town the traffic increased. The farmers in their best were coming in from all parts, some in horse-drawn vehicles, some in out-of-date motors with trailers, but many like himself in light vans.

People greeted John Gilchrist on all sides, but he hurried through the crowd, smiling and saluting, not anxious to stop and have to go through introductions and explanations.

It was very hot and Thérèse was confused by the press of new faces and the sound of unfamiliar voices, she walked very close beside him and he put a hand under her arm. For once she seemed dependent. It gave him a delightful feeling of being twice his normal size and strength.

He had to go into the corn chandler's. It was crowded.

"Will you wait outside? It's hot in there. You won't be frightened?"

She flashed him a familiar look of contempt, only to-day it was softened by tolerance and friendship as if she thought him just rather young and foolish. What would there be here to frighten her, she who had known real danger?

They spent a couple of hours in the market while he haggled over some pigs and then he took her to the old inn for lunch.

She looked round (*Continued on page* 68)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

It is not with saying, Honey, Honey, that sweetness comes into the mouth, says a Turkish proverb . . . Anyone could put a fruit-drink label on a bottle — but *that* does not make it Kia-Ora.

KIA-ORA

Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6

Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3

the raftered room, running her hand along a beam in the wall. "It is right that you should love it—all this England. The country is like you—kind and quiet and strong."

"Perhaps you could learn to love us—both."

"I will try," she said simply.

Afterwards they went back to the market. John wanted to inquire about some calves. The dealer buttonholed him, leading him from one pen to another. When the talk stopped, John discovered that he had lost Thérèse.

He retraced his steps anxiously and found her at last, kneeling, where a baby pedigree calf was penned alone.

"Look," she said, "is he not beautiful?"

He was, indeed, a lovely little creature and he came now nuzzling fearlessly, found her fingers by the bar of the pen, and as she loosened her hold sucked softly at her hand.

She looked up and smiled. John drew his breath in sharply. Her smile was just as enchanting as he had hoped.

"See," she said, "he is not afraid."

"He is beautiful," said John, "we will buy him and you shall rear him."

"Oh yes—yes, please."

The deal concluded, the little calf let himself be led into the van. Thérèse insisted on sitting behind, on a packing-case, to keep him company.

"I do not want him to be frightened. It spoils a person's nature to be frightened."

As John drove he could hear her talking in French to the little calf and once he thought he heard her laugh. They drove up to the farm, and by the time the calf was fed and watered and housed the sun was going down in a crimson ball.

"Come," he said. "We must walk to the house. Don't you want dinner? I do."

She lingered a moment more. "The little calf will not know that I am a stranger. He will think that I am English." And this time he was sure that she laughed. "I will do everything for him and he will love me."

Her feet dragged a little as they walked. She was much more tired than after working in the fields. To-day, he felt, she had come wholely alive. A birth of pain, but shot with hope. He felt very happy because she had smiled.

As they turned the corner the house came into view. Thérèse stopped suddenly, cried out in terror and pointed.

"Look—look—fire!" She hid her face for a moment in her hands. "Fire. Oh, John, your home—your dear, dear home."

She was trembling so violently that he put an arm about her to steady her.

"No, dear. It's the sun flaming in all the windows. The house faces west."

She did not seem to hear. She was shaken by frightened sobs. He drew her close into the shelter of his arms.

"I will not look," she said, turning away and burying her face in his coat. "I have seen it too often." She raised her head a little then and her hand touched his cheek. "I will help you to re-build, John," she said. "I will understand."

He bent his head and their lips met. He held her very close and was absurdly happy. "I love you," he said. "Won't you make this your land—your house—your harvest home?"

"I love *you*," she said, and now, through her tears, she laughed softly. "We can live with the little calf. We can have a stall——"

The sun had gone down at last into the great woods and the light no longer played on the windows. John swung her gently round.

"We will live in Redaffon, dear, and our children shall inherit the red earth."

"It was the sun," she said wonderingly and sighed in content. She put her hand trustingly in his. "Please, John, take me home."

END

Elastic . . .

The word is symbolic of life to-day. From eggs to incomes, all must be made to go twice as far

Elastic stretches. Looking two inches long, it can be made to go at least twice as far. It is symbolical of our life to-day. From eggs to incomes, everything must be made to go twice as far as you would imagine possible.

There is only one way to make money go further. Use every single penny for essentials, and be impersonal in your judgment as to what constitutes essentials. No sudden succumbing to the temptation offered by chocolates at 7s. 6d. a pound, even if you haven't had a good chocolate cream debauch for months. No purchasing of half a dozen yards of couponless ribbon in case you can use it next summer when you know in your heart you never will.

Keep a little account book as your conscience. Check up each week on the things that have sapped your spare pennies and determine to avoid such expenditure next week.

Clothes will last for years at their first-class standard if you cherish them wisely. Brush, iron and keep your clothes spotless while wearing; keep shoes well polished and treed; handbags polished if they are leather, brushed if they are suède; keep your mind on the hundred and one clothes-care hints that you know or are learning about—laundering, mending and hanging clothes.

Most important of all, learn to take your clothes in turn. If you wear a suit, coat, or good outfit to your work, change as soon as you get home. If it is possible, put a suit, coat or outfit away for a whole season. The little black suit that began to personify poverty dressing to you a few months ago will look like new, when you bring it out in another few months' time.

Cosmetics have to be used sparingly now, because if you lavish them on you will find your face neglected for a couple of weeks while you search for a further supply.

Use warmed cleansing cream—you need less that way. Always wring cotton wool out of cold water, to absorb less lotion. Apply skinfood in the bath.

A good medicinal paraffin oil—not the hair paraffin—is an adequate cleansing agent, but do not wait until your supply has sunk so low that you have to use the paraffin every day. While you still have your good cleansing lotion in hand, use paraffin every third day, and thus give your skin a change of treatment, yet not too severe a change.

In the same way, if you have one good skinfood and one slightly inferior, use the substitute alternately before your good stocks have been used up.

Vaseline-brushed eyelashes need less mascara. A foundation lotion as a powder base needs less powder than a greasy foundation cream, but if you can, alternate these preparations also for the good of your skin.

Stockings last longer if they are washed daily, dried in natural temperature—not in a hot place—and kept in constant repair, with an eye and a needle ready for the smallest catch or hole.

Foundations also last longer if laundered weekly—because acid rots elastic and fabric, and corsets absorb a lot of your body acid. Unless this is laundered out, it will get on with its destructive work.

There are hints given every day on how to save in the kitchen. Here are a few that may be new to you.

Keep your household brushes and brooms in good order by washing them each six weeks in a solution of two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to half a gallon of water. Let them soak half an hour in the water, rinse and hang in a cool place to dry. Brushes should always hang, to prevent pressure on the bristles.

Pots and pans can be easily mended with a cold solder that is still obtainable in small sixpenny tubes. If the husband is away, the housewife will find this an easy solution to the loosening handles and sudden holes that reduce the life of her pots and pans.

Gas will be saved in water boiling if fur is kept out of the kettles. Put two teaspoonfuls of borax in a kettle of hot water, boil gently for a quarter of an hour and then rinse out—all the fur should come out with the rinse water.

Butter and margarine can be made to go further, especially in cool weather, if before serving you beat a spoonful or so of hot water into it. Ease in spreading is a great saving.

Wartime sausages are inclined to spread themselves over the pan in small oozed fragments that look unappetising and are frequently left and wasted. If you want to serve whole, browned sausages, learn to bake them without fat in a moderate oven. They should keep their figures, and taste and look much better if cooked in this way.

A stale loaf of bread can be the hit of the table if you damp the entire crust surface and put that in the oven for a few minutes. It comes forth with all the tasty crisp warmth of hot bread and is not indigestible.

So, hint by hint, the housewife is learning to stretch her rations, save her money and do her share of fighting. These savers take extra time, which means that even the old twenty-four hours must be made to go twice as far. But, to twist an old saw, look after the minutes and the hours will look after themselves. A housewife who uses her brains in planning her day is the housewife who is helping to win the war.

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